

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

ORDINARILY it is supposed that there are only two things of any importance which the average person can properly attend to without serving an apprenticeship or undergoing a special course of training—one is to edit a newspaper and the other to keep-house. Rather than seem to make any mystery of my own craft, I will admit that every "dear reader" knows more about running a newspaper than the editor thereof. The average editor gets so much advice shoved into his ear, or under his nose, or punched into his head, that he gets "batty," or becomes so cautious that he hardly dare write anything about himself without consulting a lawyer as to whether it is libellous. Keeping-house, however, is different. There is an old saying that "as everybody knows how to cook potatoes, potatoes are never well cooked." Of course everybody knows how to make a bed, and the majority of those who engage in the task are so skillful that if the occupant is a little restless the under sheet gathers up in a wad in the small of his back, while the upper one winds itself around his neck, or escapes from the bed entirely before morning. We all inherit from our savage ancestors an exact knowledge of how to cook a beefsteak so that it will remain in our digestive machinery for forty-eight hours. Almost any man, even if he has never tried it before, can sweep out and dust a room so as to make his wife mad with envy. As to washing dishes or mopping a floor, any ploughman can do either without half trying. Sewing requires a little experience to get it down fine, but that is a different branch. Those who make women's garments must be taught, and the tailor who would attempt to cut out a suit of clothes, or put the pieces together without serving an apprenticeship, would meet a sorry fate. True, some cooks who have been properly taught get immense wages, and skilled chambermaids and good washerwomen often make as much or more money than stenographers and female clerks.

However, these are exceptions to the rule, which is that every woman can keep house and make home comfortable and happy, whether or not she has had any experience or training. Those who deny this rule have only to look about them and observe that the average woman—when she is forced to do so—whether she is poor or rich, trained or untrained, is willing to take a situation as cook or chambermaid in a family, or to get married and start a family of her own. Surely housekeeping must come by intuition, or young women would not have the temerity to marry and attempt to preside over the humblest household without having been taught what to do. It is a very serious matter when a girl marries a young fellow who cannot afford to provide her with a servant, while she is ignorant of how to cope with the smallest detail of her new duties, if instinct does not at once guide her in the right direction. Of course she is liable to pick up a few facts from her mother-in-law, and it is not outside the possibilities of the case that her husband may, perhaps in a very ungentle manner, give her a few hints. Of course there is the possibility that his mother did not know how to cook, and thought cobwebs unimportant, but rather ornamental. It is even more disastrous, however, when a woman marries a man of means and has several servants to direct. "Men of means" are apt to know the difference between good and bad cooking, and to seriously object to a dirty house, a half-made bed, and a perpetual uproar with regard to servants. If instinct does not provide the untutored young mistress with proper methods of management, how is she likely to learn? Discipline will be at once destroyed if she learns cooking from her cook, household economy from the butler, and some way of keeping the mansion from looking like an old junk shop, from the chambermaid. In German ladies' schools cooking and housekeeping are taught, even to the daughters of the Kaiser, and as much pains taken with those branches of education as with music and painting. Possibly German women are dull and need to be taught what Anglo-Saxon women know by instinct, but for thrift and general good management the German woman cannot be excelled. The average New World housekeeper throws more food into the swill-barrel than would feed an average European family of fairly good taste and refinement. But then, of course, the New World woman trusts to instinct, while the Old World woman is dull and has to be taught. It may be that the Old World housekeeper is a good deal of a drudge; so is the Old World wage-earner, whose pay is generally small and his family, as a rule, large. The New World woman is also a drudge, but she does most of her work kicking about her servants, or trying experiments in cooking and housekeeping, which generally fail. The New World money-maker is also a drudge, for he has two or three times as heavy expenses to maintain his house as he should have. Then he has to listen while his wife makes her nightly "holley" about the shiftlessness of her help. Altogether the difference between the two outfits lies chiefly in the fact that the Old World methods would work first-rate on this side of the water, while such housekeeping as we have here would ruin the average "baron" and drive the little "counts" and swaggering colonels into a mad-house.

To state the matter more seriously, I will refer to a circular which I got the other day with regard to the proposed founding in Toronto of a "College of Domestic Science, wherein shall be taught everything pertaining to home-making on the best and most scientific basis, for all classes." I confess to entertaining a prejudice against cooking schools, pie-making classes, doughnut colleges, patent methods of bread-making in one lesson, and all that breed of knowledge-imparting which is expected to take place like the old-fashioned and instantaneous conversion of a sinner into a saint. Such schemes are about on the same level with the books which were once fashionable entitled "Every Man His Own Lawyer," "Every Man His Own Doctor," "How to Build a House," "Authorship Made Easy," "Journalism Taught in a Jiffy," etc. Almost invariably these books got people into trouble. The proprietor of "Why Send for a Horse Doctor?" is likely to kill his cow physicking her for biliousness, when probably she is suffering from nervous prostration, or from having swallowed a turnip without biting it in two. People fresh from cooking classes have caused many deaths which were said to have been due to heart failure, and I do not propose to take on myself the responsibility of urging either maid, wife or mother to take two or three lessons in pudding-making and then try their experiments on harmless men or innocent children. Nevertheless, the woman who wrote the following section of the circular to which I have already referred, knows there is something wrong, and her proposal to set things right deserves serious consideration: "Whether she assists in housework as a hired domestic, or marries and becomes a mistress of a household, she is, in most cases, left to pick up a knowledge of domestic management at haphazard. She knows little or nothing of the scientific principles underlying her calling. Is it any wonder that there are so many unhappy homes, so much discomfort, disease, and mismanagement, such eternal worry over the shortcomings of servant girls? Ignorance is the cause of the whole trouble. Give young women a practical training in housework and send them out with a diploma which will guarantee their competency and character, and they will command the confidence and considerate treatment of the households they enter. To put it briefly, we intend to effect just the same revolution in domestic service that the institutions for trained nurses

have in that calling, which not so long ago was on an equally low level."

If the scheme can be worked out it would incredibly simplify the whole business. When we send for a nurse we can ask to see her diploma, and on the other hand, she insists upon being well treated. The young man proposing to enter matrimony, before writing any incriminating love letters or making an offer of marriage, would be quite within the limit of propriety if he asked the young lady to produce her certificate from the College of Domestic Science. Joking aside, such an education as Mrs. Coleman Stuckert suggests would make a young woman a much more desirable mate for a young man than he can find amongst the young ladies who think they can play the piano and do fancy stitches, while they are proud of their ignorance of housekeeping. Worse still, the average young woman is not prepared for that still greater responsibility, the care and culture of children. The majority of mothers, it is to be feared, from false delicacy or a fear of their daughters knowing too much, seldom take up this topic until the young women are married. With regard to this, Mrs. Stuckert quite pertinently enquires, "What is to be expected when the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have rarely given a thought to the principle on which its solution depends?" We all admit that "mothers are the only educators who come early enough in a child's life to lay the foundation of character. It is in the homes of a country the material must be evolved for the upbuilding of the state." Mrs. Stuckert believes that "a College of Domestic Science is the only effective means of meeting these needs." I shall take it on myself to offer no advice, except that the association which is being formed for the promotion of the scheme should look carefully into the qualifications of those who are proposing it, and see that

glory upon fortunate soldiers, cannot read the pages of the newspapers of to-day without being impressed with the unspeakable horror of the battle-field on the veldt, and the banks of the river at Paardeberg. That such a large proportion of the Canadian contingent were killed and wounded brings the picture vividly, tearfully near Canadian eyes. It is perhaps well that, in the providence of the God of Battles, the people of this country should be so clearly shown the carnage and suffering, the death and desolation of war.

If the mass of our people candidly confessed their feelings I doubt not that we would hear more expressions of pride than sorrow over the death of our brave fellows who were brigaded with the most famous fighting regiments in the British army. Certainly Lord Roberts gave the Canadians every opportunity to show their mettle. They were no feather-bed soldiers; they went to South Africa to fight, asked for the opportunity, and got it. I am afraid that there are too many who are too busy glorying in the valor of their fellow-countrymen to give more than a passing thought to the bereavements which death has caused and the suffering which has come to the wounded in that torrid climate. Doubtless those who are dead, if they could speak, and the wounded, if they could communicate with us, would prefer to hear our cheers, rather than to see our tears. Those of us who are at home and indirectly feel a reflex of the glory which has come to Canada's name through the bravery of her volunteers, feel that the loyalty and devotion to the British Crown, of which we have talked so much, have now more of a meaning than they ever had before. There was so much talk before the Contingent left, and even since our boys have been in the battle, as to which political party should gain the greater advantage by reason of such individual sacrifice and heroism, that we like to read about the

the gold standard." With this motion the whole of Canada will heartily agree, but I can hardly understand why the context of the resolution should draw "the special attention of the Government to the currencies of Egypt and Ceylon as forming models upon which a decimal sub-division of the pound sterling and the florin might be made." Surely if Great Britain can be persuaded to abandon shillings and pence it can also be induced to adopt the dollar and the decimals thereof in vogue in Canada, and, indeed, almost universally throughout North and South America. Those of us who once had to do with pounds, shillings and pence and were emancipated from that cumbersome system, cannot for a moment imagine why any reasonable man or country should cling to it. While the British Empire League in Canada is making a recommendation with regard to currency and coinage, why should they mix the matter up with a "decimal sub-division of the pound sterling and the florin?" If such a complicated currency were established, both Great Britain and Canada would have to make a change, and the whole scheme would be a perplexing novelty to the balance of the world. While we are at it, let us urge a complete change to dollars and cents, and then the whole English-speaking world would have the common bond of talking and counting money in the same way.

BRITISH affection for the colonies will more quickly produce a change of attitude and an abandonment of prejudices than could have been brought about by a century of argument and an unending series of commissions and conventions. When we stop to think of how near Canada and Great Britain are in thought, method and impulse, we are also surprised to find that there are a number of minor points with regard to which we have important differences which sometimes amount almost to antagonisms, and which will certainly cause friction if the relations become more intimate and these points of possible irritation are not removed. It does not take a very long memory to reach back to the time when all our treaty-making was done for us by so-called British diplomats, who were not always regarded of our best interests. Regulations with regard to the landing of our cattle have, it is to be feared, been made more in the interests of British stock raisers than to benefit the British consumer or the Canadian exporter. It is not very long ago that cadets of our Military College were first given commissions in the British army, and indeed it is not so very long ago since we first obtained responsible government. Of recent years the development of Canada's autonomy has been much more rapid, and Great Britain can see that with this development there has grown in Canada a deep and self-sacrificing spirit of attachment to the Mother Land. There are still many opportunities to simplify our relations and to intensify our affection and bind closer our interests. For instance, the British consular service should be opened to "colonists," and in countries where properly equipped Canadians could better serve both Great Britain and Canada than men from the Old Country could possibly do, Canadians should be located. For instance, no ordinary Englishman could serve Great Britain and Canada as well as consul in the chief ports and cities of the United States, as a Canadian could, for we have lived as neighbors of the United States; we have traded with the people of that country and visited them often; we know their methods of business and better understand the tide of commercial affairs than could an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman who may perhaps be promoted under the present system from Hong Kong to New Orleans, or from Constantinople to San Francisco, or from some other point in the Old World to New York, where he would have to learn the situation from its A. B. C.'s up. If the army is to be made more democratic, these worldwide services should also be made more cosmopolitan and vigorous, for it must be remembered that, nowadays, to comprehend the meaning of the needs of the British Empire demands a wide range of experience and study. As the Empire is world-wide, men fitted for the positions can be best obtained, not by the examination of Old Country schoolboys, but by the appointment of business men of ripe experience.

ANOTHER point showing how much there is to be done before small causes of friction are all removed, is set forth by Labouchere in London Truth, and indicates that even the Anglican Church, closely connected as the colonial offshoots are with the parent stem, has not yet ceased to discriminate against "colonials." The writer says:

"It has been suggested to me that, in view of what we are hearing about the magnificent loyalty and Imperial patriotism of the colonies in sending their sons to help the mother country out of her difficulties in South Africa, the present time is very opportune for ventilating once again the old grievance of the colonial clergy of the English Church, who are forbidden to minister in this country without a special license from one of the bishops. This is a matter which has been referred to many times in Truth, and I must say that I do not understand on what principle the Anglican Church draws this invidious line between priests ordained at home and those ordained in the colonies. There is not, I suppose, any other instance in existence of a Church which thus refuses to recognize the validity of its own orders. Not only must a colonial cleric obtain a license in this country, but I am told that it is only granted for a term of one year, so that a colonial priest residing in England who desires to discharge the duties of his office must come before the bishop every year for a renewal of his license, like a ticket-of-leave man reporting himself to the police. It may be desirable that before a colonial clergyman is recognized over here, some one in authority should see that his papers are in order; but when this has been once done, there cannot be any justification for further interference with his right to minister."

Not being well versed in matters of church government, I ventured to ask Rev. John Langtry, well known as an authority on such questions, and who, if I mistake not, has before now brought this same matter to the attention of the Synod, to give me some explanation of the situation. Following is the reply which he was kind enough to contribute:

"In answer to your enquiry, I beg to say that the statement in the above paragraph is, in the main, correct. It is not, however, a question of orders that is involved, but of administration. No clergyman of the Church of England has a right to exercise his ministry in any diocese but his own until he has received the license of the bishop, and each bishop has a perfect right to lay down the conditions on which he will give his license. That, however, would refer to a distinct charge or cure of souls. The case complained of in the paragraph is different from this, and has reference chiefly to a colonial clergyman taking temporary duty or preaching in an English church. The regulation, which is, I think, embodied in an Act of Parliament, prohibits all colonial clergy from preaching or taking even temporary duty in England, under a penalty of ten pounds, until they have obtained the archbishop's license; and no bishop, by issuing his own license, could override that regulation. As a matter of fact the regulation is not at least rigidly enforced. It is, however, an indignity and an insult which the colonial clergy more and more resent, and it ought to be removed from the statute book with the



PTE. F. C. PAGE, G.G.B.G.
Killed.



PTE. W. T. MANION, R.G.
Reported killed.



PTE. J. R. VICKERS, R.G.
Wounded.



BURTON HOLLAND, Bugler to Col. Otter,
Wounded.



R. W. KIDNER, Q.O.R.
Wounded.



PTE. E. C. DAY, G.G.B.G.
Wounded.

THE TORONTO CASUALTIES.

The War in South Africa this week as it touches us.

the methods proposed are both attractive and feasible. Some such school is certainly needed, and if there is a place in Canada which needs and is likely to support such a movement, Toronto is certainly that place.

ADYSMITH has at last been relieved, and it appears that help came none too soon. While it takes great valor to storm a fort or "rush" trenches, it also takes almost incredible endurance to defend a town for many months, for added to the dangers of shot and shell are the horrors of suspense, hunger, thirst and disease. It was a long and gallant defence, which, with the name of General White, will live in history.

MAJUBA HILL and the Boer victory associated with that name of ill-omen will hereafter be less talked about in the Transvaal, for, singularly enough, Field-Marshal Roberts' great victory and the surrender of General Cronje and his army will hereafter be celebrated on the same date. It is thus that time brings about its revenges, and chapters of history which were gloomily begun many years ago find a strangely different ending from that which those who figured most brilliantly at the beginning had hoped for. As with those who laugh, so those who boast are best situated when they boast least. At the beginning of this war English-speaking people expected that it would be over by Christmas, yet British generals have just won their first decisive victories after a terrible out-pouring of blood, the suffering by the soldiers of great privations, the prolonged siege of several towns, and the expenditure of a vast amount of money. As with their boasts of Majuba Hill, so will the Boer bragadocio that ultimate victory was certain, soon cease. A disorganized army such as that of the burghers cannot stand such terrible reverses, while the trained British soldier knows not of defeat, and can be readily rallied to fight again.

Of the bravery of General Cronje and his followers no one can be doubtful, after the hell on earth in which they lived for nearly ten days, shot and shell and noxious gases making even the burrows, into which they had crept for safety, worse than the lair of a hunted and wounded wild beast. Seldom, if ever, in history has such a scene been presented of despairing valor, or stubbornness, call it which you may. We may not, possibly, appreciate the particular variety of bravery which the Boers have shown, but his tenacity of purpose, his ignorant zeal, and his devotion, even to a bad cause, will be remembered in history centuries after the Boer republics have ceased to exist. Those who have talked flippantly of the war, or imagined that it was little more than an occasion for bestowing a war record and all its

men who have done no talking, but have been thanked by the greatest empire in the world for brave and daring deeds. Surely, now that we have deeds of which we are proud to prove our loyalty, this endless talk and indecent discussion should cease. A politician with a shred of self-respect should refuse to stand in our Parliament and seek to prove that he was the one who, by proxy, had shed his blood in Africa to prove his loyalty. Let the deeds of brave men shame these boastful self-seekers into silence.

AN interesting article appears on page six of this issue, descriptive of the way some wild animals are cared for in Riverdale Park. At best, animals used to freedom cannot be, nor appear to be, happy when confined even in the most roomy cages, and it is, therefore, inexcusable to intensify their misery by placing them in such close and uncomfortable quarters that they lose almost every vestige of their natural appearance. The enforced and ill-assorted companionship of the ground-hog and the porcupines is a feature which could probably be found in no other menagerie in the world, and no doubt Mr. Ground-Hog, of Riverdale Park, wishes that his keepers had not made him an exception to the rule. Those who have these poor captives in charge should see to it that the conditions surrounding their imprisonment are improved.

THERE is no telling how widespread the results may be of the good feeling brought about by the enthusiastic co-operation of the colonies of Great Britain. There is scarcely any relation which exists between the Mother Land and her offsprings which will not be directly or indirectly made more intimate by the anxiety of both the old countries and the young ones to do the best they can for each other. At the annual general meeting of the British Empire League in Canada, to be held in Ottawa a week from next Wednesday, Mr. Archibald McGoun, a vice-president of the League, will in view of the proposal made from time to time of the establishment of a Canadian mint, and of the importance of a stable currency being adopted before new coins are issued, and regarding the desirability of a uniform currency being adopted for the whole British Empire, move that "this League recommend that the Government of Canada should propose to the Imperial Government the holding of a conference representative of the Mother Country and of the self-governing countries of the Empire, and also of India and the Crown colonies, to consider the adoption of a decimal system of gold currency and coinage for the whole Empire, the gold coins to be interchangeable, and also a uniform decimal system of silver coins for local use, bearing a uniform relation to

least possible delay. It is said to have been enacted to prevent men who, for lack of education, could not obtain orders at home, going to the colonies, getting ordained, and then returning to obtain English appointments. That, however, is a senseless reason, as each bishop could refuse to appoint any individual against whom this objection lay. The other reason assigned, that the regulation is essential to prevent imposters obtaining work in England, is equally absurd, as there is no protection afforded by the process of obtaining the archbishop's license which would not be equally well secured by any diocesan bishop, or even priest, inspecting the papers of the colonial stranger. The regulation is, in fact, a remnant of that barbarous Erastianism which led Whig Governments to inflict all sorts of indignities upon the colonial church. It is to be hoped that one of the results of the new-born admiration for colonials will lead to such spontaneous action on the part of the English people as will sweep the objectionable enactment from the statute book at once and for ever. As a matter of fact, there is far more reason for the Canadian church passing regulations to protect herself against English imposters and reprobates, than for the Church of England to protect herself against us."

THE crowds of people who rose before the dawn and clustered before the doors of the Grand Opera House for six or eight hours waiting for the box office to open for the sale of seats for the Irving performances, can hardly be said to prove that times are hard, or that everyone who took so much trouble was too frugal to permit a speculator to make a percentage on the tickets. Many men and women who are liberal in spending their money for their comfort or pleasure, absolutely refuse to pay anything to a middleman, though by so doing they might avoid a great deal of trouble and embarrassment. People always think that they have been "done" if they pay a dollar or so extra to a speculator for a seat, though there is no harder way in the world to earn a dollar than to spend hours hanging around a theater door in order to be first in the "push." The speculator, objectionable as he is to everybody, has to take a number of chances. The expected clamor for seats may cease before he has disposed of the sittings for which he has paid his money. He has to seek his customers and bear for them the trouble of getting the best that there is going. Those who want the best that can be had must pay for it either in money or in worry and waiting. It is a pity that everyone cannot have the best seat there is, but neither the world nor the theater was built on that plan.

THERE is nothing which so swiftly brings to the minds of those who have passed youth and begin to feel the twinges of the winter of life, that the ideals and pleasures of years ago have been materially changed, as the coming of a snowstorm such as we have had this week. Once such a snowfall meant sleigh rides and merry-makings, singing-schools and frolics; now it means late trains, delayed mails, wading through drips, wet overshoes, slippery sidewalks, and discomforts of a dozen sorts. During the years between the youth of thirty years ago and middle age of now, circumstances have so greatly changed as to partially account for the growing dislike of snow-clad streets. The old boisterous pleasures are not holding their own even with youth or in country places. The boy with a sled is considered a good deal of a nuisance, and is being suppressed. The toboggan slide, the skating carnival, the surprise party, the dance to which the young people used to go in a hay-rack filled with pea-straw, are rarities; they have ceased to be an institution. In Toronto at least, those who can afford it prefer to take their excursions in the winter rather than the summer, for they have more reason to seek sunshine in the South when here the snow is on the ground, than they have to go in search of cool breezes in the summer. If one listens to people talking in the street cars, one will be surprised to find how unanimous is the wish that this storm will prove to be the last kick of winter, the "backbone" of which everyone hopes is broken. Perhaps Canadians are losing their virility; at least they appear to be losing their taste for enjoyments which are mixed with snow and ice.



SOCIETY

ONE of the "big things" of the social year is the dance given in Osgoode Hall, by the legal fraternity, and it owes its interest mainly to the beautiful place in which society is for this one night allowed to disport itself. We have three big dances of this sort each season—Varsity, Trinity, and Osgoode, and Osgoode coming last, should rightly be the culmination of brilliancy and attractiveness. On Friday evening there was not the "crush" nor the discomfort of the crush, which has often been one of the drawbacks of this charming function. Various causes, the war depression, the prevalence of slight or serious attacks of what Londoners call the "flu," and the unhappy circumstance of many of our leading families being in mourning, detracted considerably from the numbers and the smartness of the Osgoode dance of 1900. The committee did all that mortals could for the success of the dance, in the face of the three discouragements afore-said, and to them many a merry voice gave grateful acknowledgment during the delightful affair. The thing I missed most was the touch of scarlet and the trumpets of the R.C.D.'s, who usually flare and hark at an Osgoode dance. "Out on active service, wiping something off a slate," as Kipling puts it, are some of these smart soldiers, and the men and officers left behind are not going to dances until decisive good news comes to Canada. There are quiet homes, too—that snowy pile, Glenedyth, for instance—where the sweet mother and her daughters, always the beauties at former dances, are growing accustomed to the vacant chair and the absence of Closeburn, where now, encircled by the loving thoughts of sympathy of the whole countryside, Lady Kirkpatrick, the most regal patroness we have ever known, spends in retirement her first months of widowhood. At Maplehurst, a mother with two soldier sons in action has no heart for the dance, and an always gracious and handsome patroness has been missed this winter. Yeadon Hall is maison fermee, and the master and mistress, with their "beauty" daughter, are in Torquay. There wasn't a judge at all to dance in the quadrille d'honneur on Friday night. Judge Lister was under the weather with a cold; Mrs. MacMahon's indisposition decided Judge MacMahon to stop at home. The genial Judge and the young ladies at Eastlawn are still in deep mourning for the gentle wife and mother. Mrs. Moss being out of town, the Judge was not forthcoming at the ball. However, there was a fine opening quadrille, and Miss Mowat, in a simple white satin gown, danced graciously with Mr. Hunt, president this year of the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society, under whose auspices, as everyone knows, the pleasant ball was given. The new Premier's lady, Mrs. G. W. Ross, was vis-a-vis in a rich gown of shot faille, opal and pink, with a bit of fine lace en berthe, and her kindly word of appreciation was pleasant to the promoters of the dance, and she danced with Osgoode's most familiar figure, Mr. Aemilius Irving. Others in the set of honor were Mrs. Lister, in a smart black toilette, who danced with Mr. Rowland; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, who wore a handsome black gown all silver embroidered net over white, with some lovely point lace, and danced with Mr. Shepley; Mrs. Charles H. Ritchie, in a rich white satin dress veiled in white lace, and a touch of pale blue on the corsage, whose partner was Mr. Greg Young, one of the most faithful workers for these functions Osgoode and the public owe thanks to; Mrs. Shep-



The Temple of Fame.
Flashlight taken at the entertainment in the Pavilion in aid of St. Stephen's Church.

ley and Mr. Wilkes, of Brantford (who with Mrs. Wilkes took in the dance en passant, and went on to Montreal next morning), were partners, the lady in white satin with black velvet and violets; Mrs. Riddell, in an exquisitely fitting black gown, with touches of jet, very becoming and chic, danced with Commander Law; and Mrs. Wilkes, of Brantford, with Mr. Ritchie. Mrs. Wilkes carried a huge bouquet of parrot tulips across her arm—a wealth of spring which gladdened chilly people on entering. Mrs. Stratton, whose popularity is only measured by her acquaintance, was very pretty and dainty in a brocade of pale pink and white, with bodice of upstanding points over a bertha of pleated white chiffon, the points bordered with iridescent passementerie. Mrs. Patterson was in black, relieved with turquoise. Mrs. Vandermissen wore a vieux rose brocade with velvet; her debutante was in white, a pretty daughter, coming naturally by her charm of face and manner. One of the most distinguished looking of this season's belles is Miss Elwood, of St. George street, who looks particularly stunning in white. She wore white satin at Osgoode dance. The Misses Norton-Taylor, of Kingston, the elder in white satin and the younger in pink, were visitors much admired, as were also Miss Boak and Miss Forgan, of Chicago, two clever and charming West-enders. Miss Mussen, of Aurora, was in white; very becoming and smart was the touch of crimson roses in her bodice. Miss Beatrice Sullivan wore a smart black frock. Miss Helen Morison, of Owen Sound, a very pretty and dainty white one. Miss Jeanie Wallbridge was in white satin, and Miss Geary in black chiffon. Miss Flaws was in white, with black ruffles and shoulder-straps. Miss Enid Wormum looked very pretty in white satin. A bright little chaperone was Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, who wore rose silk under a striped over jupe of white gauze. Her charges were Miss Kormann, in rose and white silk muslin, with bebe bodice, and Miss Emma Kormann, in white lace over silk. Miss Wilson, of Quebec, Miss Lister, Miss Rossie Boulton, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Lamport, and Miss Hoskin were in pale blue frocks, which, while similar in shade, were of any texture from shimmering satin to lightest mousseline. Mrs. T. B. Taylor brought her pretty niece, Miss Davies, in a delicate pink frock. Mrs. King, always so sweet a chaperone, with her pretty snowy hair, and her fine young daughter, wore black gowns. Miss May Foster wore red and black, and a very handsome debutante from Windsor, Miss Dottie Duck, was simply frocked in white touched with black. Mrs. Gibson Arnoldi wore white with green velvet bolero; her sister-in-law, petite Miss Arnoldi, was in white. Miss Heaven was admirably gowned in yellow, suiting her brunette beauty to perfection. Miss Lillian Heaven, of Oakville, was very pretty in pale green silk with corsage bouquet of orchids. Supper was served in the Rotunda, the gallery of which was a popular rendezvous, and a huge round table was in the center for the guests of honor. A decoration of green silk meandered over the snowy cloth, and many pink roses and tulips were the flowers. Quartette tables were set on the four corners, and a long buffet was also served very well by Webb's men.

Mr. and Mrs. Morang and little Louise have been visiting Mrs. Heaven in Washington, where Mrs. Heaven has taken a furnished house for the remainder of the season. Miss Adela Heaven has not been very well this winter, but the visitors found her quite better, and all enjoyed to the utmost the doings in the gay capital. Mr. and Mrs. Morang were expected home yesterday.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, of St. George street, gave a dinner at which covers were laid for sixteen. The table was, as is invariably the case at Mrs. Riddell's, a picture of beauty. White lilies and violets were the flowers, and a touch of brightness was given by a knot of primrose ribbon.

A charming table decoration was recently achieved by an artistic young mamma, for a luncheon given to the girl friends of her "not-out" daughter. All white and green, with baby ribbons festooned from the chandelier to each plate, where a delicate bunch of lily of the valley was tied, was this ideal girl's luncheon table. The friends of the happy daughter of the house are one and all adorners of the mother, who enters like the veriest girl into her children's pleasures. "I know," said she, laughing, to me, to-day, "what all the younger set are doing all over town, while I seem to have lost track of all my own friends and contemporaries!" Such mothers have their best reward in the verification of the old song, "My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life."

Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Misses Violet and Aileen Gooderham, and Mr. Gooderham, of Waveney, are arranging a trip to Europe, to begin next Saturday.

The engagement of Miss Aileen Gooderham, daughter of Mr. W. G. Gooderham, and Mr. Casey Wood, son of the Hon. S. C. Wood, was the last social interest this season—being announced just before Lent began. Two very popular young folks are these, and everyone sends them congratulations, though I fancy in some directions a rueful tone may be heard. Miss Gooderham is "just one girl," but her charm and sweet naturalness have vanquished many strong hearts, while among her most devoted admirers are to be numbered girl friends and women much her seniors.

On February 18, the mortal remains of Mr. John Leys were followed to the grave in Mexico City by a large number of friends, and the Rev. M. Cree, Episcopal clergyman, read the burial service, while the grave was covered with magnificent floral offerings from old and new friends. The Mexican Herald of February 10th says: "Genuine sorrow was expressed all through the English-speaking colony, and many a person, both old and young, will miss the cheerful greeting and pleasant conversation of the man whose remains were interred yesterday."

In a sweetly pretty home, on Tuesday's brilliant afternoon, Mrs. Sanford Evans (nee Gurney) held her first post-nuptial reception, assisted by her artist sister-in-law, Miss Evans. The house proclaims the taste and culture of its occupants, and the bride received many compliments upon it. Mrs. Evans wore a soft pale green crepe, with cream lace, and Miss Evans wore white silk. The cosy corners and grate fire glowing were most enjoyable to chilled pedestrians, and a very bright quartette of girls in the tea-room saw that no one escaped the magic wedding

cake or the delicious fruit-flavored ices. A huge pyramid of snowy Easter lilies stood in the center of the tea table, and noble sprays of mignonette with green and white color scheme carried out in cakes and bonbons made up a lovely picture. A perfect snowstorm of cards showered upon the grand piano, the hall table, or wherever the visitors could find a safe place to deposit them, and sympathetic women whispered that the bride had her Lenten penance ready in the work of returning the calls those cards represented. Mrs. Evans also received on Wednesday afternoon.

Many friends in Toronto send good wishes and kind thoughts to the Hon. and Mrs. Clifford Sitton, who leave next week for Vienna, where the Minister of the Interior is to consult a famous aurist, and possibly undergo an operation, to restore his hearing, which has been impaired for some time past.

The measles in their home kept Judge and Mrs. Rose and their popular young folks from the last of the ante-Lenten gaieties. Happily Mr. Rose's attack is not at all of a serious nature.

Mr. Boyd Magee's farewell from his club friends was a very jolly little dinner at the National Club on Wednesday. His farewell from the ladies has been rather individual than collective, and always earnestly wishing him glory and a safe return. I hear among those who have been placed "hors de combat" in South Africa is a son of Captain Charles Harrison, now en route to the front.

On Shrove Tuesday evening, Mrs. Somerville, of Athlery, gave a delightful dinner, at which some very beautiful women and girls were present. The table was brightly and artistically done in red tulips, with candles shaded with red. The military spirit fairly dotes upon this vivid and martial color just now.

Miss Jarvis has returned from Montreal. Mr. E. Fenning-Taylor is at Stanley Barracks. Mrs. McGeagh has returned to Winnipeg. Mrs. Lucius O'Brien is en pension in Church street. Mr. and Mrs. Gage, of Bloor street, received the members of Mr. Gage's Bible Class on Monday evening; nearly four score guests enjoyed the reunion.

Mr. Henderson has sold his former residence in Glen road, Rosedale, to Mr. Sutherland Macklem, whom everyone will be so glad to welcome as a permanent resident here.

The Biograph pictures at Massey Hall were discontinued after Wednesday night, but are being shown at Association Hall for the rest of the week. The brilliant turnout of scarlet and green which the erratic illumination incumbent upon the entertainment revealed on Monday, showed that the soldiers at home had turned out en masse in aid of their chums at the front. In the afternoon a horde of wildly excited school children gave the Biograph an extra send-off. Our boys afield certainly do look tough, Archie McDonnell particularly showing that soldier life is hard earnest; he was cheered, as he marched forward, by those who recognized him. An interesting picture of Cecil Rhodes, riding in Hyde Park, was shown, but very few persons knew that the distinguished looking man with whom he was chatting is General Ricarde-Seaver, his old school chum, and since then a famous traveller, soldier, and hunter of big game. General Ricarde-Seaver has a son in Toronto, the popular Hon. Sec. of the R.C.Y.C., who happened to be in the audience, and enjoyed a glimpse of his distinguished father.

The gentlest and most placid of women gets rabid in war time against the foe. For example, a soft-voiced lady mother, whose only son is ordered to the front, was commenting upon the news of the Guards having gone through a company of Boers with the bayonet, and only left seventeen alive. "Everyone shrank from the slaughter but she. 'What I want to know is,' she said half meditatively, 'why they left those seventeen?' The contrast between her gentle, plaintive-voiced enquiry and its purport was so startling as to be almost funny.

Mrs. Pinkerton entertained a number of her young friends to tea on Tuesday afternoon, at her new home in Tyndall avenue, in honor of her guest, Miss Elliott, of London.

Mrs. Herbert Coleman, Bellwoods Park, gave a progressive pedro on the evening of Friday, February 23. The prize winners were Mrs. James Barber and Mrs. Titus Robinson, Mr. Walker and Mr. J. King.

Miss Evelyn Cameron gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday to young friends, at which they had the pleasure of meeting her guest, Miss Rathbun, of Deseronto.

Thursday's storm was brightened by cheering and chiming of bells—the students marching in triumph through the city, and the cathedral bells playing what Prince George naughtily called "God save your grandmother." ("Lord help Uncle Paul!" would be a good encore.) Ladysmith has been on everyone's mind for so many weeks—the strenuous situation, the heroic heliograph lie, flashed from the sorely-tried and fever-smitten town, the thought of brave soldiers, officers and men, women and children, pent up and starving, twisted the heart of every sympathetic human being. On Thursday the strain was relieved. Buller reached the beleaguered town, and afar off Toronto woke up and greeted the news with wild effervescence of delight—flags flung the red, white and blue to the north-east wind, and snow drifted into many an open-mouthed hurrah!

Lady Schultz, of Winnipeg, is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John Kemp, of St. George street. The Misses Smallpiece, of 21 Close avenue, Parkdale, welcomed a delightful party of young friends on Tuesday evening, and a very jolly dance celebrated Shrove Tuesday, the close of the ante-Lenten season, and traditional pancake day. Mrs. Watson, of St. George street, gave a progressive euchre on Thursday of last week, at which Mrs. Bolte was again the winner of the first prize. Mrs. Wolverton, of Hamilton, won the second prize. The fortunate men were Mr. Melvin-Jones and Mr. W. R. Riddell. Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, were among Mrs. Watson's guests.

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THE At Home given in McConkey's assembly rooms on Friday evening by Ashlar Lodge credited that energetic circle with a very great success; in fact, the enjoyment of their guests was a treat to see, amply repaying a little party who arrived very late from Osgoode dance, and were just in time to hear the charming singing of Mr. Oscar Wenbourne and Mr. Fairweather. These two finished vocalists were good enough to postpone their enjoyment of the very well served supper by McConkey until the toasts of the evening having been proposed and the large crowd of guests amply served, Dr. Pyne made a funny speech and the songs were asked for. Ashlar Lodge has a large and liberal membership, and their At Home was under the supervision of a committee who understood their work and did it well. The interest attaching to the new banquet-rooms, palm-rooms, Turkish-room and "salle de danse," was amply stimulated by this first function in their beautiful precincts, and the floor of the last-named was pronounced perfection. The best music possible in Toronto was secured by the energetic fellows in charge of such details, and many a good dance was enjoyed. The partition has now been taken down between the upstairs restaurant, with which we are all familiar, and the new part of the building, and rich draperies festooned an impromptu arch; the elevator, curtained with Bagdads, was in fine working order, and the most ideal sitting-out place was the dimly lit, tapestry-hung Turkish room, with its cushions and divans. The dance was so hearty and jolly that it seemed a huge family affair, in which all were "well acquainted" and congenial. The supper was served at many tables, both parts of the huge dining-room being completely filled, and a round table for the Committee and a few special guests being arranged after the little treat of music. Some of the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Miss Angus, Miss Bonsall, Misses Barrett, Dr. and Mrs. Capon, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Misses Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dinnis, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ellis, Mr. A. C. Fairweather, Mrs. S. Finch, Mr. and Mrs. Flett, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. D. Fleming, Mr. Chas. and Miss Goldman, Dr. and Mrs. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Higman, Mrs. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Holdenby, Misses Hirst, Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop, Dr. Henwood, Dr. and Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. Home, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. A. Ivey, Mr. and Miss Etta Jackes, Dr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. and the Misses Kent, Mrs. B. Kent, Mrs. and Miss Kinnear, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, Mr. W. Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Langley, Mr. and Miss Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Dr. and Mrs. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Misses Murphy, Dr. and Miss Millichamp, Mr. and Mrs. McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. R. G. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. McCartney, Mr. and Mrs. McCabe, Messrs. J. and W. Miln, Miss Miln, Mr. E. T. and Mrs. Malone, Miss Malone, Mr. H. R. and Mrs. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Pearcey, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. S. Pearcey, Mr. W. R. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Miss Pritchard, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Rev. A. U. and Mrs. De Penier, Mr. and Miss Rumble, Dr. John F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ryrie, Mr. and Mrs. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Miss Robins, Mr. and Mrs. Read, Mr. D. S. Story, Mr. Geo. E. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Miss J. Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. Skaitch, Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. O. C. Wenbourne, Mrs. Morgan Wood, Mr. Aubrey and Mrs. White, Dr. A. F. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Whitacker, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. W. S. Ziller, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes (of Brantford), Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. McKellar, Mr. A. Sullivan, Messrs. T. A. Mitchell, B. Campbell, S. Ritchie, P. J. Patterson, Geo. Dougherty, Slaght and Clifford Rolph.

A Preston Springs correspondent writes: Though the weather on Wednesday night was stormy and unfavorable, the Opera House was crowded when the Ladies' Committee of the Patriotic League held an At Home in aid of our boys in South Africa. The hall looked like a picture, draped in red, white and blue, with numberless flags and evergreens decorating the walls, windows and chandeliers. A drawing-room was fitted up near the door, and here the guests were met by the ladies of the reception committee, Mrs. G. A. Clare, Mrs. Mulloy, Miss Kaehler, Mrs. Edmonds, Miss Klotz, and Mrs. Dolph. The seven tables looked like a poem of so many stanzas, nearly every color of the rainbow being represented in their several decorations, the prevailing color of one being pink, another blue, the next white, fourth red, and so on. They were presided over by Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Gillies, Mrs. J. Malloy and Mrs. Stahlschmidt, Mrs. R. R. Elliott and Mrs. Frank Moss, Miss Lizzie Clare and Miss Lorn Mulloy, Mrs. W. J. Schleuter and Mrs. Werlich, Mrs. W. S. Hudson, and Mesdames Wurster, Fred R. Shantz, Hepburn, and Fred Clare. The waitresses looked charming in white gowns, with small flags in their hair. Much of the success of the affair is due to their careful attention and untiring work. All afternoon an orchestra furnished music to the guests. Miss Gladys

Mulloy, on her guitar, and Mr. McDougall, on his mandolin, also played, and little Miss Gwen Edmonds sang two songs in her charming way. In the evening, a programme, chiefly of a patriotic nature, was given, and the applause of the audience when Mrs. G. A. Miller finished reciting The Absent-Minded Beggar proved that the Preston people, at least, are "Britons to the core." Mayor Clare then gave a short and fitting address, after which the enthusiastic singing of our national anthem brought to a close an affair long to be remembered in Preston. As a result of their work the ladies cleared the nice little sum of \$100, which will be given towards the Patriotic Fund. The fund in Preston has now reached over \$600. This sum, for a town of its size, brings Preston even with any town in the Dominion. One of Preston's most popular society young ladies, Miss May Schleuter, leaves this week for Toronto, where she will enter the General Hospital as a nurse. The Misses Mabel and Wynnie Bennett were in Toronto last week, attending the wedding of Miss Duff and Mr. Graecen, of the Imperial Bank. Miss Mabel was bridesmaid. Miss A. C. White, of Hancock, Mich., was spending a few weeks at the home of Mr. G. A. Miller, manager of the Merchants' Bank, Hespeler. Miss White is an artist of no small skill, and intends placing an art exhibition in the Paris Exposition. She will leave for Europe shortly. Mr. J. Ross Kerr, late manager of the Galt, Preston and Hespeler Electric Railway, has gone to Kingston, Jamaica, on account of his health. Among those who have helped to brighten the season here and to make Preston the jolly little town which all our visitors call it, were Mrs. Robert Walder, whose charming progressive ecchre was much enjoyed by all; Mrs. Frank Moss, and Mrs. H. J. Hindson; Mrs. Fred Clare also entertained her many friends to a delightful At Home, as well as to an evening party. A jolly skating party was given to a few of the young people by the Misses Blackstock. Mrs. W. S. Hudson was At Home to her friends at a delightful Picture Gallery party, given in honor of her guests, Miss Josie Plaskett and Miss Edith Stanley, two bright Woodstock young ladies, who have been great favorites with Preston society. Last Tuesday Mrs. (Dr.) McIntyre, of Hespeler, was At Home to her many friends from four to six. These, with many smaller affairs, have made for Preston one of the brightest winters seen here for some time. Mr. E. E. Sheppard, and Mrs. Sheppard, of Toronto, have been registered at the Hotel Kress for a few days. Mrs. Jardine, and son, Toronto, are at the Del Monte.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones entertains at progressive ecchre on the evening of March 9th. Mrs. Neil Rogers gave a young people's tea for her daughter on Tuesday.

Mrs. Humphrey gives an informal afternoon tea at her home in Pembroke street on March 6th, at which the bride, Mrs. Sanford Evans, will be the guest of honor.

Mrs. Albert R. Ludlow gave a progressive crokinole party on Tuesday evening, February 20, in honor of her guest, Miss Evelyn Evans, of Everett, Mrs. Wm. Walsh being the successful competitor for the lady's prize, and Mr. H. Jones for the gentleman's, while it fell to the lot of Mrs. H. Smyth and Mr. J. B. Marion to receive the boobies. After supper Miss Helen Dorland, well known in the musical world, rendered two beautiful solos.

Miss Laura King, of Kingsville, has been visiting Miss Maggie Keighley and her sister, Mrs. W. Midgley Campbell, at 148 Park road, Rosedale, and has now gone to pay a visit to Mrs. W. J. Reid, of London, Ont., before returning home.

The matinee ecchre given by Mrs. Herbert Blackburn, of 48 Roxborough street west, on Tuesday last, was a very well-arranged affair, bringing all sorts of pretty compliments to the charming hostess, who was most becomingly gowned in black taffeta silk, with pink garnitures. Mrs. Blackburn was assisted by her cousin, Mrs. Crawford, of Guelph, and the game progressed most enjoyably at eight tables. Refreshments, which were of the daintiest order, were served at tables decorated in red, in accord with the military times. Among the guests were Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. and Miss Hockaboom, Mrs. Edward Job, Mrs. C. W. Kerr, Mrs. W. A. Geddes, Mrs. Arthur Merton, Miss Merton, Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray, Miss Strowger, Mrs. Harry Green, Mrs. J. A. Morton, and Miss Amy Fell.

The sadness of the news flashed from Genoa of the death of that well-liked and much respected gentleman, Judge J. Juchereau Kingsmill, was accentuated by the sorrowful announcement of the death, in the prime of a life most full of thoughts and deeds, of Mrs. B. Clarkson, daughter of Mr. B. Stephen Jarvis, of Beverley street. While Judge Kingsmill's decease was not entirely a shock, on account of his more advanced age, and semi-invalidism, the news of the taking away of Mrs. Clarkson was received by her hosts of friends and admirers with incredulous and dismayed surprise. Her illness followed so closely upon the first mourning of her widowhood, that people had not realized her absence from the social world enough to make them very anxious, and enquiries did not do so until a few days before her death. Mrs. Clarkson was a distin-

guished member of the U. E. Loyalist Society, a lady largely of the old school, of which her mother, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, is so distinctly a type, a woman strong in conviction, loyal and clear-headed, a charming member of a quiet and refined circle, a devoted mother, and a true and helpful friend. The loss of such women is felt outside the family, where it is indeed irreparable. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, and the son and daughters of the much-lamented and regretted one, have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Professor Wenley's lecture on Hypatia at Trinity last Saturday afternoon stretched the heads of many who followed his great array of facts, dates, description and narrative. There was the making of a dull hour, by a dull man, in the very notion of the study of so very bygone a lady by fashionables of to-day, but Professor Wenley isn't a dull man, but an exceptionally able, bright, and magnetic one, and Hypatia lived and thought and interested everyone on his presentation of her, to a degree which surprised, as much as it pleased, the large party of people who faced a shocking bad day to attend the lecture. The ordinary lecturer would have enlarged upon the very points which Professor Wenley dismissed with a mere mention. He would have given us Kingsley, and harrowed us with Hypatia's death scene. The extraordinary lecturer quite overlooked the easy game, and Hypatia, owing to his eloquence, stands very clearly out, a woman and a philosopher, leaving life at her zenith, no matter by how hurried or painful a route, leaving us a luminous personality which some of us had been formerly unaware of. Professor Clark, quick to see a master in his own field, recognized Professor Wenley's fine effort in a small speech of thanks, on behalf of himself and the audience. Professor Wenley deprecated so much praise, regretting that the time had been too short to permit of his giving a less concreted and matter-of-fact account of his subject. Professor Wenley was entertained at dinner after the lecture, and returned to Ann Arbor next day. Canon and Mrs. Welch, looking very natural at Trinity once more, gave a pleasant tea to the audience after the lecture, served in the Entrance hall. Professor Wenley there met some old and many new friends, who all enjoyed hearing the stalwart young lecturer relate some of his experiences as Dean of a woman's college at the age of twenty-five. Since then, the handsome professor has joined the ranks of the benedictines, and has a very lovely home in Ann Arbor, where some Toronto folk tell me, he is a delightfully hospitable host. He is a Scotchman, very un-Scottish and Oriental in complexion, but with the true Gaelic burr, and the dry humor of the land of heather. This afternoon, Professor Glover, of Queen's, will lecture on Women Pilgrims of the Fourth Century.

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TORONTO

MAKING A MAN

BY JOE KERR

In Five Parts.—Copyrighted.—Part II.

CHAPTER III.

The Man in the Hospital.

I had been carefully looking over my vagrant as he sat eating his supper, and I wondered that he had the strength to follow me to the eating-house. A collapse was imminent, but I didn't anticipate that he would succumb so soon. As he fainted away for the second time the woman began crying and wringing her hands. In the goodness of her heart she offered him a bed in the house, but I went out and telephoned to a hospital and soon had an ambulance there. I went up with it, determined to see that he was properly received, and before we got him to bed he was raving with fever. I helped to undress him, and I tell you it was a sight to make the heart ache. It was like looking at one of the old pictures of prisoners starved during wartime. He was simply a living skeleton, without fat enough for a flea to bite on, and we found bruises in a dozen places where brutes of men must have struck or kicked him as he begged for food to keep soul and body together.

"Do you see these?" asked the doctor, as he pointed to the bruises.

"Yes, and if I knew the men who inflicted them I would go out from here and shoot them down like dogs."

John was out of his head and talking all sorts of nonsense when I left. The doctor followed me to the door, and queried:

"Relative of yours?"

"No, but a good friend; give him the best of attention."

"Not much to build on there."

"But do the best you can."

"Seems to have been a sort of tramp, eh?"

"He's been unfortunate. I'm backing him now, and I want to say now, before I forget it, that in case of his death the body is to be turned over to me without a scratch—remember that—for burial!"

"Oh! certainly—certainly. Do all we can for him. Better come up tomorrow."

I went up on the morning, and John was worse. It seemed as if the bell-rope had been grasped to ring his funeral knell. The doctor said it was a collapse of the system, brought about by starvation and exposure, and that he didn't have two chances out of a hundred of pulling through. It was the same report on the next day, and the next, and it was a long ten days before his case was decided. To the great surprise of the doctors, he pulled past the critical point and dodged around his own grave. They knew what did it, too. It wasn't their skill and the careful nursing as much as something else. I want to tell you, at the risk of being censured as egotistical, for there's a moral hidden there. You who have never been down among God's poor worms—worked with them, talked with them, ate of their bread and shared their sorrows—do not know what an anchor to them a word or two of hope may sometimes prove. Such words are often more valuable than gold.

Well, during all those days and nights John was only John in his poor flesh. His mind was away from his body, and he talked of home, mother, and lots of other things. But regularly, at brief intervals, his mind came back to the promises I made him in the restaurant just before he fainted away, and he would call out:

"All I can eat! Just think of it! All I can eat! And I'm to have a new suit of clothes, and he's going to give me a show to be a man again!"

He seemed to live on those promises—to fight against grim death that they might be realized, and so at last he came out of his delirium and the doctors said the chances were now in his favor. It was three weeks from the day he went in there before they would let me see him. Then I went in one day and sat down by his cot and grasped his thin, white hand and spoke words of encouragement. It was wonderful to see the change in him. In spite of the fact that he had been down to the shores of eternity and looked over that dark river which divides earth from the unknown hereafter, and was still very weak and poorly, his face had altered for the better. I now saw that he had clear-cut and intelligent features, and that in his best days he must have been almost handsome.

"Well, pard?" he queried, as I held his hand.

"Well?"

"I didn't mean to do it, old man—didn't mean to make you all this trouble and expense!"

"Don't you worry about that. What you want now is to get well and strong."

"How long has it been?"

"Three weeks."

"Only three weeks! Why, I thought a whole year had slipped away! Things are not very clear to me yet. It seems as if I had been dreaming. I want to ask you a question or two in order to get things straightened out."

"Fire away, but don't over-exert yourself. The doctor said I mustn't tire you out."

"Now, then, you are the man I started in to rob?"

"I am."

"And instead of handing me over to the officer you took me to an eating-house to fill me up?"

"Yes."

"What made you do it? I've thought and thought, but I can't make it out. It's all dream-like to me. I was a tramp and loafer, wasn't I?"

"You were down on your luck, John."

"And are you willing to give me a show after I get out of this?"

"I am. When you are stronger—when you are able to walk about—we'll do some planning. Hold on, now; stop that!"

John's chin began to quiver, and there was a lump in his throat.

"Can't help it, pard!" he whispered, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"It's such a queer, wonderful thing that it breaks me up. The idea that anybody would ever care for John Graham—give him kind words, pay his way, talk to him as a man—knocks me off my pins. Say, pard, you go away now and let me think it all over and get everything straight, and if you've got a bit of change leave it for me to hold in my hands, so that when I get scared and think it is all a dream I may have something to show that it's the real, the true thing and no mistake."

You like horses, dogs, fine clothes, beautiful pictures. You are interested in the sciences. You have a hobby for this or that. Were you ever interested in your fellow-man? Did you ever pick up a poor devil who was "down on his luck" and become his pard—study him, console him, give him a show to get his head above the waters of poverty and despair, and help to feel that God created him as well as the millionaire? Try it once, as an experiment.

Let's figure a bit. The average "vag" strikes you for a dime. You are not accosted over 50 times per year at the outside. That's only \$5 per year, if you give to each and every one—20 years in which to use up a hundred dollars—a thousand "vags" made to feel that the world is not "agin 'em" as much as they thought for. Suppose some of 'em do buy whisky with it? You don't always do the wisest thing yourself, even with all the show you've got. You'll declare them ungrateful, but don't expect a fellow-man to fall

down on his knees and kiss the tails of your coat because you have given him the price of a cigar to buy what nature intended every man to have—something for his gastric juices to work on. I tell you, friend, the man who goes elbowing his way through life—selfish as to his neighbors, indifferent as to the unfortunate, happy only in himself and never speaking a word of encouragement to others—has got to have something more than a church-pew in life and a monument over his grave to carry him into the Heaven created for all. And when arraigned before that Supreme Grand Judge there may be a John Graham to rise up in the spirit and offset all his gifts to public charities (duly recorded in all the daily papers, with "Hon." before his name) to say:

"I was cold, hungry, and in rags, and his selfishness drove me to crime!"

I put a big silver dollar into the hands of the man who feared that was going to wake up and find it all a dream, and it was pitiful to see him close his fingers around it and hug it to his breast.

"What can I do after I get well?" he asked, after a long silence.

"Don't worry—we'll find something."

"But I'm only a tramp!"

"Never you mind that. One must be a man before he can become a tramp, and I guess we'll bring the man out of the hospital and leave the tramp behind."

As I walked down the aisle between the rows of beds the nurse stepped forward to inquire:

"Do you want him watched, sir, so that he don't give you the slip?"

"How give me the slip?"

"He's a hard case, sir, and they say he tried to rob you. He ought to get at least five years for that. I thought you would have a policeman here long ago. Shall I keep an eye on him myself?"

"Were you ever ragged and hungry and penniless and desperate?" I asked of the man.

"No, sir, I can't rightly say I was. Neither have I been a tramp or a robber."

"Perhaps not, but that's your good luck and isn't worth boasting about. That man has been all and everything, and yet I am his friend and am going

to see him through. I am paying his way here, and he wants just as good care as you can give him."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir. Being he's a tramp, however?"

"D—n it, man!" I shouted at him in my anger, "suppose he is a tramp! You harp on that as if a tramp was as bad as a murderer! We don't always know what makes a man a tramp, but if no one holds out a hand to him afterwards how's he to get up again? You attend to what you are hired for, tramp or no tramp, and I'll see that he doesn't bite you!"

"Yes, sir—of course, sir!" he muttered, as he walked away.

There it was again! Even in a hospital, where he had been knocking at death's door for many long days, there was no pity for the man who was down on his luck.

CHAPTER IV.

In Which are Related Several Things of Interest.

Wonderful, isn't it, how much wear and tear some men can stand before they lie down to die? I don't speak of this big, strong man, but of those who seemingly walk about in the shadow of death.

John Graham had slept in hallways, in wagons, on the wharves. He had gone about half-clothed and not half-fed. He had been knocked about like a dog, exposed to danger and disease, never clear of peril of some sort, and yet the flame of life had not burned out. I told you in the other chapter that when we pulled off his rags in the hospital we found a living body, and it was a wondrous sight. You wouldn't have believed that such a bundle of skin and bones could have even turned over in bed.

It was seven weeks to a day after he entered the hospital before he left it again, and, as I told you, he was hanging between life and death for the first half month. The case was an enigma to the doctors in more senses than one. They knew him to be a vagabond I had picked up out of the slums, and they were mystified as to why I should go to all that expense and trouble. They looked upon him as "bred to the purfesh," and when he came to mend and feel the benefits of food, shelter, sympathy and hope, they were puzzled.

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Waterproofs, all prices, and umbrellas—1.00 up—

Your money back if you want it—

E. Boisseau & Co.

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will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

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ORIOLE SOAP

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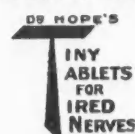
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Book Notes.

RIDER HAGGARD'S new story, *Swallow, a Tale of the Great Trek*, comes before the reading public at an opportune moment. With the eyes of all the world, especially the English half of it, fixed on South Africa, this story of the Transvaal will be read with avidity. The heroine of the book is Suzanne, a Boer girl who is nicknamed Swallow by her friends. She has French blood in her veins, as well as Dutch, and a share of the characteristics of both races. She inherits also the beauty of her French grandmother. When a child she finds an English boy on the sea shore, the sole survivor from a vessel wrecked on the coast near the farm. This boy is brought up at the stead by the Bo-

considered up to date without his telephone. In the early morning the rattle of the bell arouses him to the day's work, and he hastens to care for his cattle. After breakfast he calls the post-office several miles away, and inquires for his mail. There he is sure to hear the news of the town and to have a talk with some of the gossips of the place.

On the great ranches of the south-west a use of the telephone more startling and really novel has been made. There, in the past few years, the vast free range of the early days has been checked by the dreaded wire fence. Across the old trails of ante-railroad days, around the green-edged springs where wild herds used to water, and about the choicest pastures of the range, the wire fence—the enemy of cowboy and hunter, of

hour and sell his produce at the top of the market.

This was recently shown in the broom-corn district of Illinois in a most graphic way. This district, which lies in the southern part of the State, was visited by buyers who offered sixty dollars per ton for broom-corn. This was the ruling price at the end of the previous season, and was generally accepted. The buyers had almost covered the district, buying the entire output, when an official of the telephone company, quick to see the possibilities of the corner, caused the farmers who had telephones to be notified that the price had risen and that they had better consult the market. These more enterprising farmers consulted the magnates of Troy, Ohio, the center of the broom-corn market, and, as a result, sold their crop for four times the price paid to their neighbors, two hundred and forty dollars a ton. This lesson of progress has sunk deep into the broom-corn district, and, needless to say, every farmer in the county has been convinced of the practical value of the telephone.—Wilbur Wheeler Bassett, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

Saved Their Child.

Mr. T. W. Doxtater Expresses a Father's Gratitude.

His Little Girl Was Attacked With Heart Trouble and Doctors said she Could Not Recover—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Made Her Sound and Lively as a Cricket.

From the Sun, Belleville, Ont.

In a comfortable farm home in Sydney, near Belleville, lives Mr. T. W. Doxtater, a prosperous farmer and most respected citizen. In this pleasant home the heart of a father and mother beats with gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they firmly believe they saved the life of their little daughter. A reporter of the *Sun* having heard of the case drove out to Mr. Doxtater's for the purpose of getting at the facts, and found both father and mother of the little girl very enthusiastic in their praise of the medicine that has unquestionably done so much to relieve suffering in this country. Said Mr. Doxtater: "Yes, we have good reason for praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think they are worth ten times their weight in gold. When our little daughter Clara was about eight years old she was stricken with what the doctors said was heart trouble. Up to that time she had been a strong, healthy child. The first symptoms shown were fainting spells, and these would attack her without a moment's warning. We consulted a doctor, under whose care she was for a time, but the treatment did her no good—in fact she was growing worse. Then we called in another doctor and he frankly told us that he could hold out but little hope for her recovery. By this time she was confined to bed, and for three months was as helpless as an infant. In some of the fainting spells she was attacked with convulsions. Her appetite seemed entirely gone and she was reduced to a living skeleton. At this time I read the particulars of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave me hope, and I determined that our little girl should try them. I first got one box, and when they were used she seemed brighter. Then I got five more boxes and by the time she had finished them she was as sound as a child as you could find in the neighborhood, bright and lively as a cricket. She has been going to school for the past eighteen months, and has shown absolutely no symptoms of the old trouble. I attribute her cure entirely to the use of Dr. Wil-



Illustration from *Swallow, a Tale of the Great Trek*. By Rider Haggard. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

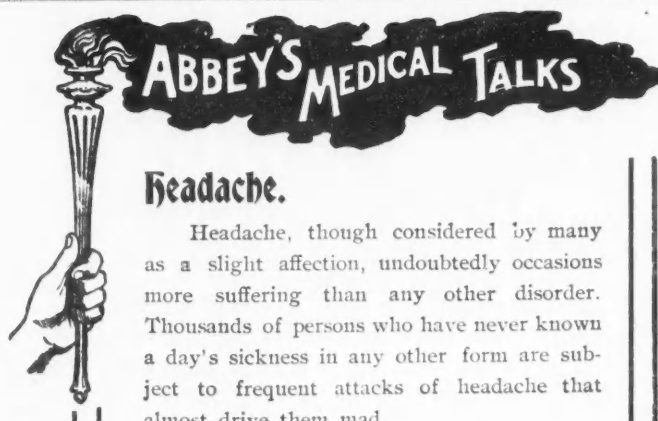
sons as their own son. The romance of the story is the love that develops between the castaway and the daughter. But through the book are the stirring incidents of the Boer wars with the Zulus, the Great Trek of 1836, and the doings of Swart Piet, half Boer, half Kaffir, the evil genius of the story. In the dedication, the author asserts that sympathy with the voortrekkers of 1836 is easy, whatever is true in the case of their descendants, who are now fighting with Great Britain. The story itself has no direct bearing on the present issues, however, except that it is placed right in the heart of the present scene of discord, and names like the Tugela, grown wonderfully familiar since the opening of the war, are constantly recurring. The most virulent Boer-hater may read the book without having his corns trampled upon, and perhaps see both sides the clearer for knowing something about the primary origin of the trouble and the cause of the first Great Trek.

wild beast and roving cattle—has drawn its magic circle. The ranchman of to-day has made this dreaded wire do him a noble service. He has made of it a line of communication across the barren hills from cattle round-up or sheep-dip to the ranch-house. He is a strange mingling of the old West and the new West, this rancher with the telephone. All the forces of rural society are organized and controlled by the little wire which bobs over the hills and down the shady lanes. Through the telephone it seems inevitable that the farmer will assume a new economic position. Keeping in touch with the market, he is able to dispose of produce directly to the city dealer or to the consumer without the assistance of any middleman. Fluctuations in the market will be felt immediately by the producer, and he will be able to prevent any advantage being taken of him. He may talk to his town buyer and to his city broker the same

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Telephones in the Country.

A QUIET revolution is taking place in Western country life, which promises to accomplish results within a year more important and far-reaching than any since the advent of the transcontinental railroads. Already the pioneer life of the isolated farmer has disappeared and the tide of industrial and educational advance has swept over the North-West. The national telephone system, which until recently extended its arms only to the large cities, has within a few months entered the houses of thousands of Western farmers and bound together city and country, producer and consumer, in bonds of actual contact and constant communication. To the economist the results of this extension through the rich farm lands of the North-West are of most profound importance, and must be the basis of an entire revision of the theories of the relations between producer and consumer. The immobility of the country is destroyed at a passive agency to an aggressive economic force. To the sociologist the results are no less important, as the telephone does away with the seclusion of rural life, binds together scattered communities, creates social interests, and destroys the barrier between city and country. Henceforth the country is but a vast suburb, in touch with the metropolis of its neighborhood, unified by the voice of one leader. It is only within the past year that the farmer has opened his eyes to the possibilities of the telephone, but since he has recognized them there has been such a demand upon the telephone companies that it has been impossible to fill the orders, and local geniuses have built lines out of fence wire and china knobs. No farmer is



Headache.

Headache, though considered by many as a slight affection, undoubtedly occasions more suffering than any other disorder. Thousands of persons who have never known a day's sickness in any other form are subject to frequent attacks of headache that almost drive them mad.

There are many varieties of headache, which are due to as many different causes, but whatever the nature may be and the cause, the immediate condition that produces the pain, is a congestion or filling up of the blood vessels of the brain with blood, thus causing a pressure on the brain cells and nerve filaments.

In treating all forms of headache, the first thing to do is to relieve this congestion. Abbey's Effervescent Salt in laxative doses does this promptly by causing a free watery discharge from the bowels. This draws the water from the blood in the internal organs, thus moving the blood from the head to supply the drainage caused by the Salt. The pressure is thus relieved and the headache promptly cured.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

Ludella Ceylon Tea

Its aroma tempts you, its flavor captivates you, its purity and quality make doubly sure its welcome.

Lead packages.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

lams' Pink Pills, and if anyone doubts the truth of this statement you can refer them either to myself or my wife."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c, a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

The Man-Fish Lover.

Charles M. Skinner, in an article on Indian Mermaids and Fairies in the *Saturday Evening Post*, tells the following story, which is singularly different in spirit from the warlike traditions that we expect of our North American Indians:

Battao, a Nisqually girl of Puget Sound, was plagued by lovers. She had charm and gentleness and prospects, and it was the latter that kept the suitors hanging about the premises, for her father was rich. There came to the village, one summer, a tall stranger of noble presence who had tales to tell of other lands, and of sights and adventures so strange that even the old medicine-man forgot himself and listened.

To Battao this stranger stood for all that was daring and splendid. She was touched by a new emotion. She admired him. She was happy when he was near, restless when he was absent. One morning when a warm, luminous mist hung over the Sound, the stranger, who had been strolling and talking with her, looked into her face with a smile, then, without further word, walked off on the surface of the water and disappeared in the fog. The girl was naturally startled and frightened, and as day after day went by and he did not return, a sadness weighed upon her which she tried to dissipate by visits to Fox Island. Every day she would be rowed across from the mainland where she lived, and there she would sit, hour after hour, running beach-sand and pebbles through her fingers, just as she and he had done a thousand times during their talks together. The agates, thus sifted out as she watched the sea with longing eyes, fell in the odd forms which visitors to the island have noticed. On one of these excursions her boat came to a sudden stop, as if it had been driven into mud. The oarsmen made the water foam with their paddles, but the canoe advanced not a foot. Leaning over the side to discover the cause of this detention, Battao saw the smiling face of her lover through the clear tide, far below; saw his arms outstretched to embrace her, and his voice came, faint, telling her that he could not return to land, but begging her to join him, and, in an access of longing, she spread her arms and leaped into the water.

On the fifth day from her seeming death she arose from the Sound, and ran up the beach to her father's lodge. In five days more she returned to the sea again, and from that time, for several years, she divided her time between her lover and her people. She was enchanted now; more gentle, more beautiful than ever, more affectionate and thoughtful withal, for if a storm were arising or any mishap threatened she would appear from the waves and

cry a warning. But when all her friends had died, the ties of earth no longer held her, and she went below the sea.

You Wouldn't Do It.

You Would Not Think of Blowing Powders or Snuff on a Sore on the Outside of Your Nose, Would You?

Why Do You Do It, then, With the Little Catarrhal Elicers on the Inside of Your Nose? Japanese Catarrh Cure is a Healing Salve. It is the Only Real Cure for Catarrh.

A well-known lady of Springfield, Ont., writes a few commonsense words regarding her experience in trying Japanese Catarrh Cure. She says: "Enclosed find \$2.50 for six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure. A few days ago I received a sample box, and from the results obtained from this sample, I am sure the remedy will cure me. I have great faith in a salve like this for catarrh and believe it to be the proper thing. We never blow powder on a sore of any kind, and I don't see why people advertise powders to cure catarrh. I have tried all the powders on the market, they relieved at the time, but I was worse when I stopped using them. Japanese Catarrh Cure is a healing, penetrating, volatile pomade, it reaches every catarrhal diseased portion of the head and throat, and will permanently cure any case of catarrh wherever located. Your druggist sells it. Price 50 cents."

"Why did you weep when the heroine died?" The critic thus questioned his little friend from the country. "You know she is not really dead." "That's why I cried," said the little friend from the country, who knew more about acting than the critic thought she did.

LADIES, PLEASE NOTICE

Free Lessons in Silk Work. Messrs. Hemmings, large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay Street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices. Phone 144. 53 Bay Street.

LAXATIVE LOGIC

To induce a cathartic action of the bowels without the objectionable effects, such as griping, etc., so common to the majority of laxatives, no remedy responds to the need of the patient with more satisfaction and certainty than

Cascara Laxative Tabs

(DR. SIMS)

There is no remedy that stimulates nature so well in its effect; no other is better suited to the permanent relief of intestinal inactivity or Constipation. Its gentle effect produces the natural function of the bowels. By the use of CASCARA LAXATIVE TABS they do not produce the cathartic taking habit, and in all cases where a laxative is indicated they are a help, not a hindrance.

25 cents per box at all druggists, or from

The Dr. Sims Tablet Co. TORONTO, ONT.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children who teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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"Alas! my poor Brother"

"Children coming home from School," or from play, not only enjoy but are warmed through and through by a

CUP OF BOVRIL.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1900.

NO. 16.



The Drama.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO as a novel was declared by Saturday Night on the book's first publication to compare favorably with Anthony Hope's romances. As a play it maintains the charm of the book. The hero is the ideal hero of the matinee girl, handsome, brave, fearless, polished, and guardedly passionate. The heroine is also the approved heroine of romance, with a subtle coquettish charm, which is added from the actress' own personality. The story is familiar by this time to everybody. It is a pretty little plot on the part of the princess to make sure of marrying a man who loves her for herself alone. One little point caught me as being particularly true to nature. The idea is presented to the Princess that if she ever discloses the fact that she is a princess she will never know whether her husband would grow tired or not of the lady's maid he had married. This worries her greatly. "I shall never know," she keeps repeating. The play hangs together very cleverly, being consistent to the traditions of the romantic drama, except in the last act, where it gets rather melodramatic. J. K. Hackett has not been seen here in a romantic role before.



OTTILIE.

He will doubtless be a prime favorite in Toronto for the future. He is of remarkably graceful exterior, and possesses a fine, manly voice and manner. Miss Bertha Galland, his leading lady, is a delightful comedienne of the ingenious type, which, by the way, is the most popular form of the eternal feminine we see on the stage. She is an artist in facial expression, and altogether dainty, pretty and charming.

It promised to be an historical occasion in the old Grand Opera House when Mr. Hackett was called before the curtain at the end of the second act. After a graceful speech Mr. Hackett announced that he had news—Ladysmith had been relieved. In an instant the house was in an uproar. Cheers, clapping and stamping resounded from pit to gallery. When the noise had somewhat subsided the orchestra struck up the national anthem, and the whole audience rose to its feet and sang God Save the Queen. It was a genuine spontaneous burst of patriotic enthusiasm that might have been recorded in the annals of the theater but for one thing—Ladysmith was not relieved. The news was contradicted next day.

Rupert of Hentzau replaces The Pride of Jennico the latter half of the week.

The Temple of Fame was the title of a very unique entertainment given in aid of the building fund of St. Stephen's Church in the Pavilion last Saturday evening. Some thirty historical and literary characters pleaded before the Goddess of Fame for the laurel wreath offered to the most famous woman. The laurel was awarded, after each had proffered her claim, to A Mother (Mrs. M. De S. Weld), Miss Violet Towers, the Goddess of Fame, and several other participants, including Mr. H. G. Wade, the stage director, are members of the Victoria Dramatic Club.

Edward E. Rice was tendered a benefit last week on the completion of his twenty-fifth year as a theatrical manager. The gross profits exceeded \$6,500. All the managers of New York and the principal ones of Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington and Baltimore took part in the arrangements. The performers included Lillian Russell, Nat Goodwin, Madge Lessing, The Belle of New York Company, Weber and Fields, Maxine Elliott, and other popular favorites. Mr. Rice has produced thirty-seven "hits" in his time, chief of which are Billee Taylor, Iolanthe, Little Christopher, Mascot, Mikado, Olivette, Pearl of Pekin, Patience, Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance, The Girl from Paris, The French Maid, and 1492.

Mr. Owen A. Smily made a pronounced "hit" with his recitation of the Boer and the Britisher at Massey Hall this week. The verses are original, having been written by the versatile Mr. Smily himself. A Cockney Tommy Atkins who has been reading a Chicago newspaper's pro-Boer comments upon the war is supposed to be soliloquizing in his own humorous dialect. Mr. Smily when in Ottawa last

week was personally complimented by the Governor-General, who knows Tommy Atkins thoroughly, and appreciated Mr. Smily's rendering of the cockney accent. The poem will be printed in next week's issue of Saturday Night.

Courted Into Court, at the Toronto, has not much to recommend it, except for the May Irwin eccentricities, which are realistically imitated by Miss Maud Huth. The piece itself has clever lines and bright places, but it is woefully padded. It could be condensed into a one-act sketch.

Shea's have one of the best all-round shows of the season at the Yonge street theater this week.

The Irving-Terry engagement at the Grand the first half of next week will be the strongest attraction of the season. Sardou's Robespierre will be the bill for the first two evening performances, with The Merchant of Venice for Wednesday night. There will be no matinee.

Robert B. Mantell, the romantic actor, will present his new play, The Dagger and the Cross, here next week, and a most sumptuous production is promised. As announced last week, Mr. Small, of the Toronto Opera House, has secured the first presentation of the play for his theater, and Mr. Mantell will be seen on that stage for the first time in his career. The play is expected to attract more than ordinary attention, from the fact that it is a dramatization of Joseph Hatton's famous novel of the same name, by W. A. Tremayne, who has written many successful plays, notably Mr. Mantell's A Secret Warrant. The play has been highly approved by Mr. Hatton and his photographs have been used to reproduce in the scenery the actual places of the action, while the costumes are from original sketches by W. H. Margeson, a noted English artist of the Royal Academy



ROBERT MANTELL.

—a son-in-law of Mr. Hatton's. Manager M. W. Hanley, who has managed Mr. Mantell for the past four years, claims that it is the most powerful and picturesque drama of the period, and besides presenting a splendid scenic and costume production, he has surrounded his star by the strongest company that has ever appeared in support of the popular actor. It is not necessary to speak at length of Mr. Mantell. He is well known as one of the best romantic actors on the American stage. His fine physique, fire and dramatic intensity of temperament, his rich, mellow voice and superb costumes, all conspire to make him an ideal hero. Mr. Small, of the Toronto, has decided not to raise the prices of his theater during this engagement.

Miss Letty Lind, who is the most successful light opera singer in London, is said to have received a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a week for her services in Puss in Boots at the Garrick Theater. This would mean a greater amount still in America. In all probability Miss Lind has left Puss in Boots to join the San Toy Company at Daly's.

Smith and Herbert, the authors of the Singing Girl, have made a hit in San Francisco with The Viceroy, produced by the Bostonians.

Cissy Loftus has made a success of her New York venture into opera. She focussed the attention on Bettina in the production of The Mascot at the American Theater, being described as irresistible. It is said that she is to essay a Shakespearean role in a few weeks.

Edwin Mayo, of the Pudd'n Head Wilson Company, dropped dead in Quebec at the Chateau Frontenac last week. It is a strange coincidence that his father, Frank Mayo, who used the same play for several seasons, also died suddenly in 1896. His son was a member of the company at the time and acquired the rights of the play for himself the following year.

Mrs. Langtry's tea in aid of the Maine Hospital fund last week realized over \$5,000. Tickets cost three dollars each, programmes went anywhere from two to fifty dollars, and no one presenting a five or ten dollar bill for anything had reason to expect change. Mrs. Langtry recited The Absent-Minded Beggar, it is said, with particularly incisive emphasis on the words "Pay, pay, pay."

Sapho, the dramatization of Daudet's novel, has been stopped by the police in New York. Clement Scott, the ministers, and the yellow press all united against Olga Nethersole in condemning the play, and as a consequence, previous to police interference Wallace's Theater was doing a land office business.

E. H. Sothern, who is billed for the Grand the last half of next week, had to cancel his engagement at Washington last week owing to a severe cold.

Strange Room-mates in Queer Quarters.

Dear Don:—There is a subject I should very much like to see brought before the people of Toronto in as forcible a manner as possible, and should judge from reading your editorials that, should you view the matter in the same light I do, you could do it ample justice. What I would like to bring to your notice is the way in which our city authorities—for I suppose it must be the city authorities—authorize the keeping of wild animals caged up in some of our parks and public resorts. I refer to the apology for a menagerie in Riverside Park, at the end of Carlton street. The park is a very pretty one and quite a credit to the city in every respect but the one I mention.

About a year ago a corner was fenced off and a couple of deer installed, and since then various birds and other animals have been added. The accommodation, however, which was provided for them is so poor and the tenants of the various cages made so uncomfortable that it quite deprives a stroll through the park of its pleasure; especially to anyone who has known and studied these unfortunate animals in their native haunts. The following are a few instances of the cruelty found there and will explain why I take the stand I do:

In a cage, about four feet each way, seven unhealthy bedraggled-looking foxes are confined. They are so crowded that they cannot all lie down at once and a good, long, comfortable stretch would be simply out of the question. They cannot withdraw from the public gaze for an instant, but, dirty and miserable, move restlessly around their limited quarters amid the ever-increasing filth. How different from the well-groomed reynard of the country, who, in the gray of early dawn, with every sense on the qui vive, slips gracefully along an old rail fence or round a brush-heap in search

of a breakfast. He is a creature to admire then and is well worth looking at.

In another cage of similar dimensions a poor unfortunate woodchuck is quartered with a pair of frowzy old porcupines, who, as every hunter knows, are the filthiest animals in the woods and can be smelt, as a rule, long before they come into view. Why should they be chosen as companions for the woodchuck, who is naturally somewhat fastidious and has some respect for himself, which a porcupine has not? Besides this, the quills of a porcupine are poisonous and set up a severe inflammation wherever they enter the flesh, which fact makes them the worst family of all on which to billet our friend the woodchuck. The last day I saw him he had two quills sticking, for half their length (about a couple of inches), in the soft, sensitive part of his nose. No doubt they got there when starvation at last drove him to struggle for his share of the limited rations supplied. How they must have hurt him, I can to some degree imagine from experiences of my own.

There are numerous other cases just about as bad, which I might cite for your benefit, if I thought you had either the time or the patience to read them. There are water fowls who have not had a bath since they were brought there, except when it rained, and a pair of eagles who have hardly room to stretch their wings, to say nothing of flying. A family of squirrels are allowed as much space as the foxes and nearly as much as a pair of bears. On the whole the animals look sick and unhealthy, as could only be expected when they are shut off from their natural mode of living and cannot get at the various plants and vegetable tonics which nature provides and their instinct leads them to eat.

I have talked with several persons on this subject, and as yet the only argument I have heard in defence of this outrage is, that it helps to teach the children natural history. This is a statement which I emphatically deny. I admit that every child ought to be induced to study nature, but not by feeding peanuts to a tame bear. How can nature be studied, or a correct idea be obtained from things which are not natural? The fox in Riverside Park does not bear the slightest resemblance to the spick and span "robber of the barn-yard" he was once; and just as good an idea of his nature and habits might be formed by examining a fox skin in a furrier's window as by examining him. How different the "lord of the air" looks when soaring over his own wild dominion, from the subdued specimen in the park, who spends his time sitting on a post and sulking. How much better it would be to put "Wild Animals I Have Known," or the "Jungle Books" in the hands of a child, or, if possible, send him to the country for the summer. How much more the children would learn in such a way.

To one who is brought up to love and study nature, there is always pleasure in store, for her supply never runs short. Nature gives more and demands less than any other branch of study. If you doubt it just read the life of Thomas Edward, the great Scottish naturalist.

One odd thing about this park menagerie is that the park is so situated that very little more expense than has been gone to would have given these animals good, comfortable quarters (comparatively speaking), had the cages been built against the slope facing the Don. The woodchucks, foxes, gophers, etc., would then have been able to burrow and root to their hearts' content.

Hoping you will find what I have said clear and of enough importance to give it your attention, I leave the matter in your hands. You can easily verify the above statements by taking a Winchester car, which will drop you at the park gate, and see for yourself.

In self-defence I may say that I have spent years in the woods and know most of the animals kept in the park personally, besides having made a study of their habits. Yours truly,

Theodore F. Seymour.

276 Carlton street, City.

Cause for Wonder.

A story is told of a church choir singing the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The soprano clearly came out:

"They toi-toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
Ny-y-y-ther do they spin."

Then the tenor took up the strain:

"Nee-ee-ther do they spin,
They toi-toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin."

Then a dramatic pause, and the bass—a solemn, red-haired young man, with a somewhat worldly looking eye and a voice like a foghorn—broke out:

"Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin,
They toi-toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin."

A third pause, and the voices of the three were lifted up in a semi-chorus:

"Ny-y-y-ther
Nee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther
do they spin.
They toi-toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
They toi-toi-toi,
Ny-y-y-ther
Nee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther
do they spin."

The vast audience had been listening with wonder, when the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor arose and said: "Brethren, we will begin the services of the morning by singing, And Am I Yet Alive?"—Ex.



"There's a boy wants to see you, sir."
"Has he got a bill in his hand?"
"No, sir."
"Then he's got it in his pocket! Send him away!"—Punch.

Notes From the Capital

WHEN the idea of giving an entertainment, of which the biograph should form the piece de resistance, for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund was first broached to the gentlemen in charge of that fund they threw cold water on the scheme. Being matter-of-fact business men,

most of them, they suspected the presence of strong personal motives beneath the cloak of patriotism assumed by those chiefly interested in the biograph. They refused to have anything to do with it. Then some of the leading women of Ottawa took the matter up, among others Mrs. Laurence Drummond, Mrs. Gormully and Mrs. Crombie, energetic women all of them, as well as leaders in society. They were unsparing in their efforts to make the affair a success. They worked hard for a week, overcame many obstacles, would not hear a word against the scheme—the Patriotic Fund would benefit—that was all they cared for, till at last they won over many who had been most strongly opposed to it and they succeeded in making the affair an unqualified success. The treasurer of the Patriotic Fund was not slow in accepting the sum of one thousand two hundred and seventy-three dollars which these ladies, after all expenses were paid, handed over to him on Saturday night. Personal motives or not, it is a considerable augmentation of the national collection in which we are all interested, and let us hope that in other Canadian cities the biograph may draw such good houses as it did in Ottawa. It is an excellent entertainment, well worthy of the cause. The biograph pictures are good; most of them have some connection with events now transpiring in South Africa. They were all enthusiastically received, but especially those having reference to Canada. When the "Household troops" marched out in the streets of London and the band played "Soldiers of the Queen," then there was enthusiasm which spoke of Imperial unity. At the two evening performances, in addition to the Russell theater being crowded to the doors, the audience was a most fashionable one. Their Excellencies and party were at both. The Earl and Countess were specially interested because their niece, Lady Victoria Grey, took the principal part in the tableau, "Britannia and Her Colonies Defending Liberty." Robbed in white, holding aloft a flaming torch, she looked a strong and graceful goddess. Miss Muriel Dobell, dressed as we see Britannia in the cartoons of Punch, with white girdled gown and helmet and sword, stood bravely out in front, while to the left and right were young ladies representing Canada, India, New Zealand and Australia. Miss Gormully was Canada, Mrs. Fleming India (a much bejewelled India, even to the nose ring), Miss White was New Zealand, and Miss Lola Powell represented Australia. They had each a group of brave lassies dressed as soldiers. Canada had her cowboys and her Indian scouts, India her Sepoys, and New Zealand and Australia a gallant lot of lancers in khaki. It was a pretty picture and one in keeping with the spirit of the times. At the last appearance of this tableau two beautiful bouquets were thrown on the stage, one falling at the feet of Liberty and the other just before Britannia. Another bouquet was thrown that night, a lovely one of red and white roses. It came straight and true into the outstretched hands of Miss Auguste Beverley Robinson, who had just finished singing a fine patriotic song, "The Soldier Boys of England." The way she caught it was worthy of a football player, and it brought down the house. The bouquet was thrown by a Cabinet Minister—who must have been practicing with paper balls in the House of Commons—for he threw it from half-way up the aisle. Captain Graham, the versatile A.D.C., gave a "talk" each night. He called it "original sketches." No bouquets came to him, but a few old rubbers and over-shoes fell on the stage from an upper box, at the second performance. Perhaps that was when Captain Graham was funniest, for he picked them up as tenderly as if they had been flowers, held them to his heart and even tried to put an overshoe in his buttonhole. I believe they came from some of his own particular chums—no one else would dare trifle with an aide-de-camp—but the ladies who had been in the box before the firing of the missiles were not seen again. On Saturday night the men of Strathcona's Horse came in a body, occupying one of the upper galleries. Their presence may have been the cause of the extra enthusiasm of the audience that night. But there were many of them there on Friday night. They wear their khaki uniform, so are easily recognizable. At each performance a couple of boxes were filled with gentlemen in khaki who were quick to applaud, and at Mrs. Collingwood Schrieber's supper after Friday night's entertainment the majority of the men were troopers from Strathcona's Horse. The girls who had to go in to supper with a "common or garden" civilian were a wee bit sorry for themselves. It was one of the jolliest spectacles given this winter, made so, no doubt, by the presence of these warriors, whose health was neatly proposed by Colonel Prior. Mr. Perley being the only officer present, responded for the force. A grand Western cheer was given afterwards by the men. Miss White, daughter of Mrs. Thomas White, who has been living in Toronto for the last two years, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Schrieber. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston were among the guests at supper, as were also a number of pretty girls dressed as cowboys, lancers, soldiers, who had stepped out of the tableau. India was there, too, and New Zealand, so altogether it was a picturesque gathering. Miss Rose Pattison is a Toronto girl who has recently come to Ottawa. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer. Mrs. and Miss Campbell, of Toronto Junction, left for home this week. They have been at the Russell since the beginning of the season, and one can safely say that Miss Campbell will be much missed, for she has been one of the belles at all recent gatherings. She was one of the young ladies who helped to make Mrs. David Mills' tea go off so brightly last Saturday afternoon. It was one of the most disagreeable days we have had this winter, too bad, in fact, for more than ten or twelve of the most irrepressible skaters to dream of going to Government House. Everybody else in spite of the weather managed to get up to the Russell and put in an appearance at Mrs. Mills' At Home. The Honorable David managed to evade a meeting of Council, which detained all the other Ministers, and was there to receive with his wife, who made a very gracious hostess. Lady Cartwright, Mrs. Sifton and Lady de Lotbiniere were the ladies of the Cabinet circle present. Miss Mills had a number of young ladies to give her a helping hand. Miss Cartwright, Miss Scott, Miss Bain, Miss Campbell, Miss Semple and Miss Donville. There was also a goodly turn-out of Senators and M.P.'s. Tuesday being the last day on which good people can eat as much as they want was seized upon for luncheon parties. Mrs. Bain was the hostess at a young ladies' luncheon. Mrs. R. W. Scott had a luncheon. Mrs. Robert Gill gave one in honor of her sister, Mrs. Shirras, and there were others.

AMARYLLIS.

The Bell Mare.

ILL-TEMPERED old horses delight to attack very young foals, and will kill them if permitted. Mules have the same cheerful habit, unless they are under the influence of "the bell mare." She is the queen of the herd—a kindly creature who has grazed and fed with them, wearing a tinkling bell about her neck. If she snorts defiance of anything, all her followers rush to the attack. If she sniffs tolerance, they pass it by. In all things they obey her abjectly.

Back in the old days, when horses and mules throughout the Southwest went to market in droves, the rough-riding highwayman of that epoch always tried to capture "the bell" and make off with it, knowing that nothing could keep the drove from following. Similarly, drovers tried always to save "the bell." She was led, never ridden, so that in event of attack she might be fresh for a game run. A light lad led her—the owner or chief drover brought up the rear. The lad had strict orders at the first sign of trouble to go his very best, caring for nothing but "the bell."

An Arkansaw Traveler

No. II.

HOT SPRINGS is said to be a cross between Sodom and Saratoga. Which it most resembles I cannot say, for I never saw either. On a beautiful, clear day I had a view of a town stretching in a long, slender line between the mountains and spreading out, fan-shaped, into intersecting valleys, with its crudities all hidden, and it reminded me of many of the little watering-places along the Riviera. Of course the blue waters of the Mediterranean were absent, but the skies were as bright, and the atmosphere was as clear, and its tints as suggestive of many colors, as anything that can be seen either on the southern coast of France or in Italy. The altitude of the town is only about seven hundred feet greater than the Gulf of Mexico, and the tops of the mountains are not more than three hundred feet higher. The above illustration shows the most fashionable portion of the place, Bath-house Row on one side, and the better class of stores on the other. Some of the shops are very attractive, and the prices asked for goods are not at all in excess of what the buyer would pay elsewhere.

The bath-houses which cluster at the foot of the mountain are nearly all of them good, and many of them are very tastefully designed, the Swiss chalet being a favorite type of architecture. In front of these bath-houses are trees and grassy boulevards, and a broad granolithic pavement, which furnishes a promenade for the visitors who live up-town. The springs are all on a Government reservation. The waters are collected in huge reservoirs, which are covered in so that the output of the springs, though held in storage, lose scarcely any of their heat or gases before being served in the tubs. The prices to be charged by the various bath-houses are fixed by the Government, the Department of the Interior having the management of the reservation. The three big hotels are permitted to charge ten dollars for a course of twenty-one baths, with a single bath at fifty cents, while there are scores of others graded in price down to four dollars for a course, or twenty-five cents each. These bath-houses cost from fifty down to fifteen thousand dollars apiece, and the big hotels have forty tubs, while the others run from that number down as low as twelve or fifteen. For their water supply they pay thirty dollars per annum per tub, while the income from each tub, according to the report of the superintendent of the Hot Springs reservation, averages from seven hundred dollars each down to less than a hundred, according to the popularity of the bath-house. The attendants are permitted to charge seventy-five cents per week, though they expect more, and some of them have been more than half-spoiled by the lavish tips which have been given them. It is a fortunate thing for the visitors at Hot Springs that the Federal Government have charge of the curative waters, or there is no telling what prices would be asked, or how recklessly the water might be wasted. The hot springs are seventy-three in number, and while the actual quantity of hot water discharged is not definitely known, 538,000 gallons per day is required to furnish the tubs. The hot water which is under control, in addition to what is used, is estimated at 300,000 gallons, so that there is plenty for years to come, even if the place grows as it has been growing lately. By the use of pumps to raise the water from the lower levels, a million gallons could be supplied for each twenty-four hours. The water is carefully husbanded, and the hours during which baths can be given are fixed by the superintendent. The temperature of the water as it pours out of the Hot Springs mountain varies with different springs, the hottest being about a hundred and forty-five degrees. The ordinary bath is given under the direction of the patient's doctor, at from ninety-six to a hundred degrees, as in each bath-room there is a hot-box about three or four feet square, in which the patient stands and is steamed by the water as it flows under his feet.

Of the ninety-odd doctors practicing in Hot Springs, about one-half, so the superintendent states in his report of '99, employ drummers or other means not recognized by the medical profession, for getting their patients. The average charge made by a doctor, whether adhering to legitimate practice or not, is about twenty-five dollars a month for receiving a patient three or four times a week at his office. The drummer-doctor tries to get from twenty-five to thirty, half of which goes to the agent who brings in the patient. It is said that a number of the doctors are not well qualified to practice, and that some of them would be puzzled to name the different parts of speech. This state of things will doubtless be changed in the near future, as the superintendent urges "that a board of competent medical examiners be appointed, whose duty it shall be to pass upon the qualifications of all physicians who desire to prescribe the hot waters in connection with their practice, and to refuse license except to those in good moral and professional standing." While there are doubtless a number of quacks, there are many prominent men practicing in Hot Springs whose names are well known all over the United States as specialists. Two of these are said to make from fifty to sixty thousand dollars a year each, and others are said to make from twenty to thirty thousand per annum.

The baths are nearly all of the most modern description, are kept scrupulously clean, and nearly all the patients provide their own towels and furnish themselves with bath-gowns, in which they can rest and get the benefit of the sweat-room. Very few people stay in the bath more than ten or fifteen minutes, five minutes of which is used by the attendant to give them a fairly good rubbing under the water. The total income made by the Government during 1899 was \$10,000 from the baths, \$2,500 for the ground rent of the Arlington Hotel, which stands on the reservation. The cost of conducting the place is a little over \$5,000 less than this, and each year the surplus amount is spent on beautifying the parks, drives, and the springs. As the waters have been under the control of the Government since 1832, and as a great deal of land has been sold and the proceeds applied to the improvement fund, it can be imagined that many beautiful drives have been built, and the once crude village marvellously improved. There are few places anywhere where such well-trained saddle horses can be had for hire, and the mountain drives and parks afford charming opportunities for a gallop. Whittington Park, which is reached by a splendid macadamized road, which passes a number of little lakes, is the chief place for athletic sports. Thirty thousand dollars has been spent on improving the avenue leading to it. The total reservation comprises nearly a thousand acres, and the United States has certainly been generous in its efforts to surround the sanitarium with every temptation to take exercise, which is one of the chief things prescribed by the physicians.

Until one has seen Hot Springs he has not comprehended the meaning of the great influx of people to its waters. Indeed, until a visit is paid to the bath-house maintained by the Government for indigent people, who come from all parts of the United States for that terrible disease which is ordinarily unmentionable in polite society, the conditions which lead sufferers to leave everything and seek a cure cannot be appreciated. Tramps come there, hanging on to the brake-beams of freight cars and passenger coaches. Others beg and borrow, and perhaps steal, that they may reach Hot Springs. How they live after they get there nobody knows. There is a free dispensary, where a number receive medicines, but many of them are unable to obtain anything but the water itself, though by doing odd jobs they get sufficient to keep body and soul together while taking the baths. The public are not permitted to witness these people when they are bathing, except upon the written permission of the Superintendent. About six hundred a day, on an average, use the pools, which are provided in a building which has recently been much enlarged.



CENTRAL AVENUE.

PROMENADE AND BATH HOUSES ON GOVERNMENT RESERVATION, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Armed with a permit, I visited the bath-house one afternoon accompanied by a friend who had heard many stories of what the thing was like, and wished to see it. In the white man's section were forty or fifty who were taking their turn. The steam rose in a cloud above the water, which rushes directly out of the mountain into these basins, and runs away in a large stream, so that the water is continually changing. The steam was reeking with the noisome odors of the diseased bodies; terrible sores on the bodies and limbs of the bathers made a sight not soon to be forgotten. My friend, with his hand over his mouth, rushed out at once into the open air. I managed to linger a little while and talk with some of the unfortunate, but it was hard work. In the compartment devoted to colored men—in Arkansas even the most unfortunate whites refuse to mingle with the blacks—the scene was equally distressing, and the odor even more terribly sickening. The manager of the free bath-house told me that all the patients received great benefit from the waters, and when they were able to get medicine they almost invariably went away cured. Surely there is no charity more needed, not only for their sakes, but for the sake of humanity at large, than proper treatment of these poor corroding mortals. A number of the leading physicians of the place preside over the free dispensary and do all they can, and donations made by visitors and the proceeds of entertainments have provided a fairly liberal amount for helping these people, who, in their ignorance and poverty, have become little better than lepers.

At one time it was considered almost a disgraceful thing to be known as going to Hot Springs for treatment of any disease whatever. Associated with its name was the one terrible disorder which both pulpit, press, and parents themselves, have refused to discuss to such an extent, that ignorance with regard to it is leading to an appalling increase of those who suffer from it by taint or contagion. One doctor told me that in the United States it was estimated that there were three million people who were syphilitic, either by taint or contagion. This astounding statement is, I understand, only an estimate, but is held to be within bounds, and certainly shows the state of impurity which cannot be combated by the silence of those who should warn the young of the terrible physical, as well as moral, danger of unchastity. Probably the majority of us know no one who is afflicted. And we imagine that cases of this terrible disease are rare. They are not. Certainly they cannot be rare if such a large percentage of people have the taint in their blood, for, once in the blood, the doctors of Hot Springs believe that it will always be there, even unto the third and fourth generation. Moralists stand appalled when the licensing and inspection of houses of prostitution are proposed, and in those localities where these methods have been adopted by the British army, purists have raised a terrible outcry. Lady Somerset, when she was head of the great women's Christian organization, was driven from her place by the terrible clamor of her co-workers because she realized that the terrible evil of which I am speaking could not be combated by a shrugging of shoulders, an avoidance of the topic, and a belief that the ignorant and unrestrained must be punished, rather than protected. I am attempting no argument either for or against what Lady Somerset proposed; I am only trying to bring to the attention of thoughtful people a terrible evil which, even in our own city, is vastly more common than is generally supposed. Ask the practicing physicians, and you will be startled at what you will hear. A young physician in Detroit, who has only been practicing four years and struggling to make a living with none too many patients, told me that during that time he had had between three and four hundred separate cases of syphilis. Sometimes this terrible disorder conceals itself after a few preliminary manifestations, and breaks out again fifteen years later, producing paralysis and many other symptoms, which are apt to be the precursor of an early death. It is certainly an unpleasant topic for discussion, but, having had some experience in the study of medicine myself, and knowing a great many practicing physicians, I have perhaps a better knowledge of the evils of which I speak than the average layman, and it is on behalf of untaught boys and youths that I earnestly entreat parents to be more candid and explicit in teaching the lessons of cleanliness and chastity. That "the way of the transgressor is hard" needs no proof to anyone who has visited Hot Springs, but unsolved still is the question of why the innocent should suffer with the guilty, and those who, by being afflicted by this disease, have been discovered to have been immoral, should be made pariahs and social outcasts, while a still more dangerous element succeeding in concealment, makes a spread of the evil by taint or contagion a certainty. Certainly we can do no good by affecting to disbelieve in the magnitude of the evil, or by refusing our aid in checking it. Neither can any good be done by making the way of the transgressor so terribly hard that the unfortunate, in bitterness of spirit, learns to hate those who would not give a word of sympathy or reach out a helping hand. Such ostracism, producing such bitterness, brings its own revenge, and the wicked idea that misery needs company is likely to provide as much company as possible.

Going back to the original subject of the name of Hot Springs being almost exclusively associated with such diseases as I have been speaking of, it can be truthfully said that that day has passed away. Many people avail themselves of the beautiful winter climate, the baths and the pleasant drives, who are not sick, but only tired and anxious for a rest. Rheumatic and gouty patients are in Hot Springs by the hundreds, and they are said by the physicians, if they stay long enough, to invariably receive benefit from the use of the waters. It is a great pity that the ancient prejudice should keep so many people away from the Springs, for one can readily believe that water so heavily mineralized, coming from the bowels of the earth at so high a temperature and so highly charged with gases, must more quickly permeate the system and benefit the patient than waters heated artificially. A remarkable feature of the water is the pleasure that visitors find in drinking it. Even when hot it is as sparkling and almost as effervescent as if it had been artificially charged with gas, and consequently does not produce nausea, as warm water ordinarily does. Some of the patients drink from fifteen to thirty glasses a day of it, without feeling at all surfeited.

Next week I hope, in a little livelier strain, to convey some idea of hotel life in Hot Springs, and give a picture and description of the United States army and naval hospital, to which rheumatic patients and those suffering from various kidney disorders are brought from all over the Republic and ships of war in foreign ports.

—DON.

Teacher—I am surprised that you should have such a bad lesson, George. I expected better things of you. Pupil—My ma says it is the unexpected that always happens. Funny a teacher didn't know that.—Boston Transcript.

Driven to Death.

A Golf Tragedy.

A WIDE sweep of common, dotted with flags and red-coated figures. At the heels of the latter small boys carrying strange implements. A mannish-looking woman, followed by a womanish-looking man wearing a mutinous expression. In accordance with the rules of the game no needless conversation broke the silence as the two strode to the ninth teeing ground.

"My honor," the woman said, briefly, as she stooped for a pinch of sand, "move farther back, please. It's my drive." "Of course it is," was the hot retort, as the smoldering look on the man's face broke into fire. "Is it ever anything else? You've done nothing but drive for the last five months, ever since this infernal golf got possession of you. I'm sick of it. I'll have done with it. In future, madam, when you want some one to play the fool you can get some other drivelling idiot to help you potter over ditches and sand holes and mud heaps. It's no game for anybody with sense."

"Indeed?" "Yes; you've gone crazy on golf, and in pursuit of it you drive, drive, drive at me from morning till night. You drive me into my clothes in the morning before I am half awake. What for? So you can get out here. You drive me through my breakfast, till the food sticks in my throat and makes my stomach like a barrel of bullets. What for? Golf. You drive me down town before I can read more than the headlines in the papers. You sacrifice everything to get out to this rotten game."

"Those two are waiting to cross our line of play," interrupted the woman, pointing to two gesticulating girls. "If you have finished, kindly move and let me drive off."

"And when I think I am safe in my office," the man went on, holding his ground, "you come striding in like a trumpeter, in great ugly boots and skirts to your knees, and drive me out here to fiddle after a beastly little ball the size of an egg all day. All because this blamed game is the fashion. I tell you it's a rotten game. There's no sport in it. It's a thing for imbeciles and old men tottering in their dotage. No, I don't care a devil if the caddies do hear me. It'll do them good."

"Those two—"

"No, madam. Those two can wait. I'm going to have this thing out. I've played my last game of golf. As for these things"—and he viciously kicked the clubs lying at his feet—"these things will do for crutches when I'm old enough to need them. Meantime, madam, I'll stand no more driving."

"Fore!" came a warning voice, but the man paid no attention.

"Already, madam, you have nearly driven me to drink and desperation with your everlasting golf!"

"Fore!!"

"And if I let things slide you'd drive me to death—"

"Fore!!!"

There was a sharp click fifty or sixty yards to the left, a ball whizzed through the air, a woman's voice cried, "Take care!" a second too late, and a man collapsed in a heap beside his clubs. The smile faded from the face of the compassionate caddie. "Driven to death, sure enough," he murmured, reflectively, as he made off with the dead man's clubs.

HAZARD.

Should Mercy be Shown?

IT has ever been an accepted maxim in civilized warfare that any fortified position or post which refuses to surrender at discretion thereby loses for its defenders the right to expect quarter. It appears to us that Boers who deliberately elect to hold a kopje to the bitter end after the bulk of their forces have bolted, render themselves perilously liable to be included in the above category. These men have the supreme pleasure of shooting down the British soldiers at close ranges. This they can do with comparative safety and they who remain on the kopje to the end promptly put up a white flag and claim the protection it affords under the rules of civilized warfare. Now it is these very men who thus wish to "cry off" at the last moment, who after the mass of their comrades have levanted on their ponies, do the most deadly damage at the closest ranges. One prisoner boasted that he had shot five British soldiers with his last magazine-load of five cartridges! It speaks well for the extraordinary magnanimity shown by our soldiers that, after going through the hellish storm of bullets, the survivors take men such as these prisoners.

The Germans with their thorough knowledge of European warfare, were forced to adopt the most terribly drastic methods in their dealings with the franc-tireurs of France in 1871. True it is, that few German officers of the present day have any practical experience of war of any sort. Still they are profoundly versed in its theory, and it would be interesting to obtain their honest opinion as to the line they would adopt if they found themselves at war with a foe whose spies swarmed around them, and who enlisted in their local levies, whose un-uniformed army indulged in the treacherous slaughter of their patrols and who persistently held on to positions obviously untenable, with the avowed object of slaying as many of their foes as they could with safety to themselves, until it became imperative for them to appeal to the sanctity of the white flag for protection!—Grey Scout, in Saturday Review.



"Ab, Senoras, the Americano talks ever of the bravery of the man behind the gun—but, Senoras, what of the grand bravery of the man in front of the Americano gun!"—Life.



The Unkind Cut.

THE cut is at once the most effective and the most heartless weapon of offence known to the civilized species. Nothing is so powerful as a means of casting an unsuspecting enemy utterly down; nothing so reprehensible if wantonly used. It inflicts a cruel, ragged wound, which only an unlimited supply of the salve of self-esteem, or the proverbial healing properties of time suffice to cure. So, therefore, I warn the beginner against indiscriminate cutting. Few fellow-mortals deserve such treatment, so let the novice be careful. In handling edged tools nothing betrays a fool so plainly as carelessness. We will say Higgins is a cad. This is rather a hard thing to say of anybody, but in this case Higgins is purely impersonal. I mean no reflection whatever on any individual or on the extensive and highly-respectable family of that name. A cad is legitimate game, and I give my sanction for the purely impersonal Higgins to be cut to the beginner's heart's content.

We will suppose also that you are walking with a lady to whom you are endeavoring to give the impression of being somewhere in the neighborhood of just about right. Suddenly Higgins looms up. Now you happen to have met Higgins at the race-track, or in the billiard-room. A man may know all about odds on horses and be a very pretty shot at billiards and still be a cad; just as a man may be adept at all these things and still be a perfect gentleman. Because you necessarily tolerate Higgins when you meet him in the paddock is no reason that you should unbend to him on the street, especially as in the present case you happen to be accompanied by a lady. You must cut him, therefore, if only to teach him his proper place.

He will march towards you with an assured grin. When he is near enough he will raise his hat and possibly speak as he passes. This is the moment. You are, of course, absorbed in conversation with the lady. But at his voice, or as if to avoid a collision, glance up quickly. Then, apparently not seeing anything in particular, turn your attention to your companion again. This is very simple, and comes natural to the most inexperienced. If the lady notices the affair and makes any remark, it is an easy matter to turn it off. Indeed, it is much easier to cut an enemy when with a companion than when alone. Unless your mental poise is exceedingly well-balanced the business is apt to be a trifle embarrassing if attempted single-handed. We will consider this passage.

Quite unsupported you are proceeding down a street in the enemy's country. The enemy is sighted in force—that is to say, he is accompanied by a friend or two. He has the advantage, other things being equal, from mere force of numbers. The moral support of a friend on each side of you is as actual as their help might be in a physical emergency. You would in the natural course feel decidedly at a disadvantage, but do not let the odds dismay you. Put on a bold, brassy front and step out as if the street, or at least that section of it, was your personal property. When at a distance of say fifty feet from the enemy, provided the pavement is not crowded and you can see each other for that distance, focus your eye on some distant object like a church steeple or a merchant's sign. Your eye once fixed on the object, shift it to Higgins without altering the focus. Try to imagine you can still see the steeple, or whatever the object you have picked upon happens to be. You will now be looking clean through Higgins. Don't blink, whatever you do, no matter how much your eyes are watering, until you are once safely past the now thoroughly defeated Higgins. The moral support of this individual's retainers will have been completely nullified by picking out the victim for single combat in this way.

If, however, you fail to keep your eye on that invisible church steeple, you are lost. You had better, in fact, keep your mind on the steeple as well as your gaze, for once your eyes lose their long focus and concentrate themselves on Higgins, your purpose is defeated. You have recognized him. He will smile and nod, and you, in struggling to regain your stony expression, will probably only succeed in turning a fiery red. Higgins will glance at his friends with an expressive shrug, there will be a general grin at your expense, and you will look exceedingly similar to a born fool. This will be a case where meddling with sharp tools proved disastrous.

Now a few well-chosen words from the other point of view—how to take a "cut," to turn the edge, so to speak. We will suppose Tompkins has a grudge against you. We will not suppose you are Higgins, because we have considered that gentleman in an unenviable light. We will say that Tompkins has such a stupid, unreasoning aversion to you that his bad taste prompts him to cut you. Don't knock him down. That would be treating him too gently, and wouldn't give you sufficient satisfaction, anyway. Besides he might be bigger than you. The best way to get back at Tompkins and make him feel small is to be calmly and persistently polite.

Tompkins comes walking down the street with his nose in the air, affecting not to notice such a worm as you. Don't show any sign. Bawl "How are you Tompkins, old horse?" at him, and refuse to notice that he has cut you. Do this on every possible occasion. You might vary the proceeding occasionally by stopping in front of him and grabbing him by the hand. "Hello, old boy," you ejaculate, "glad to see you looking so well. Say, I've passed you several times on the street lately and you haven't seen me! Fact. I'm in an awful hurry, old boy, or I'd buy you a cigar." Don't give him time to get a word in, even if he wanted to. Wring his hand as though you wanted to squeeze it dry. Try to get the knuckles in a line. The sight of his pain will be very soothing. With a final squeeze take affectionate farewell of him and let him go. Depend upon it, he will soon be madder than you are and ten times as anxious to avoid a meeting. If he once relents, though, if your conduct deceives him and he softens—then is your chance. Cut him. Have no mercy. Cut him dead. He deserves all you can give him and more. I was cut myself once, and have been sore ever since. S.H.

Here is an anecdote credited to Sam Jones. Rev. Mr. Jones says that he met an old free-silver mollusk one day in one of his walks.

"Jones," said the mollusk, "where is all that prosperity that you were going to give us?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "it is everywhere. Labor is employed; capital is active; the railroads are overburdened; there is prosperity everywhere."

"It has not struck me yet," the mollusk observed.

"Well, you know," Jones answered, "it is pretty hard to hit nothing."—Saturday Evening Post.

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Anecdotal.

When Count Gleichen was wounded at the battle of Modder River, he screamed out and fell to the ground, at first kicking convulsively and then lying still. One of his brother officers said to another, "Poor Glick is dead!" But Glick was not to be put off like that. He moved, and faintly said, "No, I'm not!"

A certain man was invited to speak at a local gathering, and being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover, the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the final speaker, "Mr. Bones will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villas, S.W., and I wish you all good-night."

Mr. Winston Churchill is recklessly throwing away all the reputation his recent gallantry obtained for him, says Modern Society. The patronizing superiority of his despatches could not be excelled by the Kaiser himself. The latest story current in society is that half a dozen of his former brother officers have sent him a telegram: "Don't make an ass of yourself," to which he promptly wired back, "Impossible, for I have left your regiment." This is so characteristic that it is probably true.

Even during the second decade of her reign Queen Victoria was visibly less slender than she was when she ascended the throne; and was rather sensitive about this increase in weight and bulk, as the Princess Royal found out to her cost; for "Vicky" had a saucy tongue, and one day ventured to call her mother "a fat little woman" at the luncheon-table. Her Royal Highness was promptly banished from her mother's presence; but just as the door was about to close on her she put her audacious little head into the room again, exclaiming "But you are a fat little woman!"

Some people may be astounded to hear that anybody is ever indiscreet enough to ask a Cabinet Minister what is decided at a Cabinet Council, especially as the members of that august body are sworn to secrecy. But there are such daring inquirers. There is a story of one such audacious interrogation of a Premier in the re-

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cently published life of the Duchess of Teck—the story which has already gone the rounds of the press—which tells how Princess Mary asked Dizzy during a great crisis, when everybody thought the Government too slow; "What are you waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?" and Dizzy's adroit reply: "For mutton and potatoes, madam!"

A story is told by De Wolf Hopper of some years ago, when he was stage-managing Black-Eyed Susan in a city by the sea. To give a splendid touch of realism, a dozen bluejackets were engaged for the naval trial scene. Their orders were to seize the hero with a rush, directly the sentence was pronounced against him. The moment came, and not a sailor stirred. Mr. Herbert waved his arms in the wings and ordered them, in a hoarse whisper, to go on and arrest the hero. Still nothing happened. Mr. Herbert approached the bluejacket nearest the wings with the intention of moving him by force, when the man saluted and said in an injured tone: "We can't arrest him, sir; we're not warrant officers!"

Some Pathetic Phases.

The Censorious Woman—Doubtless—

Day-time Card-playing and Silk Petticoats.

"NOTHING," says the wise man, "but the infinite pity of God, can meet the infinite pathos of human life." The pathos of human life is being laid bare by the events which are crowding upon us. Here one reads of a Boer father who promised himself vengeance for the death of two sons in battle. He made bullets of gold in South Africa, and hid until he could pick out the handsomest and smartest officers in the British force at each engagement. With steady and unerring aim he shot his two golden bullets and dropped his two men, one for either son of whom he was bereft. Then he retired to smoke and read the Bible. We all know that there are parts of that Book which would run glibly with his cruel, deliberate revenge. And one can see him, morose, awful, fatal, and feel one's hair rising for sundry dear handsome fellows one knows who have gone out there. Since I read about that papa-Boer, I have felt quite uncomfortable. And here in Toronto we have seen pathetic things in connection with those '66 medals. The trembling old soldier on his death-bed, with his great medal and gay ribbon pinned on his shirt-front, and the rare tears of old age gathering in his weary eyes, as he looked at the big shiny thing and was proud and sick of it all in one breath. And once, the colonel called at a home and asked for an old soldier, telling the wife he had brought her husband the long-deferred recognition; and all the wife had to say was, "Too late, sir, he's been dead now six months." And there was one wee man, a hard liver and almost forgetting the alphabet of duty, with bleared eyes and breezy whiskers, and hands that trembled, one whom the veriest optimist could not fancy a hero, who braced his bent form and steadied his shattered nerves when his medal lay on his idle palm. Perhaps it may whisper to him tales of youth and hope and strength, and even save him! A young rider of the plains lost father and brother in the Boer war of eighty-one when he was a mere baby. When the inspiration came to Canada to send men to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Imperial army, that young mounted policeman came post-haste to the station to get a chance to avenge his loss. Some reason or other kept the permission back, and broke his heart. One morning he shot himself, outside his door, and may, by this time, be telling those soldiers of '81 why he failed to shoot Boers instead. He was an athletic, ardent, whole-souled fellow, and it would have been interesting to have had him encounter that papa-Boer with the nuggets.

I have just been chatting with the censorious lady, and have enjoyed her very much, for she was in high feather. She blamed the girls for going to a dance last week, when their friends were in danger in the Transvaal—she had a sniping shot at a woman whose gown was a bit too décolleté, and a long story against a man who drank something not mentioned in the W.C.T.U. She objected to Patriotic Tableaux and recorded her testimony against coddling the contingents with delicacies and luxuries. The poor, brave old boys of ours! She criticized a soldier's letter, and doubted the truth of one of his best stories. She told of Kitchener's woman hating and Buller's stupidity, and she finally found fault with this inoffensive and meekly expressed column, because it didn't discuss the marriage question, the saleslady question, and the S.P.C.A.'s good work.

Have you seen the work of the Doukhobor women now on exhibition at the Women's Art Association in the Confederation Life Building? The drawn-work is exquisitely exact, and the linen lace beautifully made. The bright colors of the embroideries are the result of silk being laid for them from the Hudson Bay stores, and naturally the silk is of those startling yellows, reds and greens which appeal to Lo, the poor Indian, rather than to the simple Quaker-principled folk who are finding their peaceful home in our great North-West. But when time permitted, proper shades were procured, and the clever artists in needlework will doubtless have more artistic effects in the new materials.

By the way, I noticed a very spiteful little article in a San Francisco paper, last week, stating that our new colonists were in danger of starvation, and that they had been dumped down with a month's food and left to shift for themselves on a wide prairie, in a most inhuman manner. It's a pity the man or woman who wrote that article did not read some of the fairy tales of the quack medicines, and try some of them to sweeten his life and temper and other things.



Aunt—So your big brother gave you five dollars for your birthday, child?
 Child—Yes, auntie; but I've had to lend it to him already.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

various handles to his name. In 1442, however, Hunyadi was defeated by the Turks, and took refuge in Roumania, where he for a time was imprisoned, but on his release returned to Hungary, only to find that the country had no King. Here, then, lay another grand opportunity for the irrepressible John. He soon discovered that the country was disposed to elect five Governors, and, of course, it was only natural that he should be one of the five. So it happened, and there was more fighting with the Turks, besides occasional thrashings of the Roumanians, whose discourteous treatment of him Hunyadi had not forgotten. Matters went on in this exciting style until one fine day Hunyadi awoke to find himself not merely famous—he had been that for some time—but (owing to the fact of Ladislaus V. being only a child, and in the custody of his relation, Frederick III. of Germany) sole Governor of Hungary. Whether it was that the duties of Governor took up too much of his time, or that the pay was inadequate, or that he felt more at home on the battlefield than in the Legislative Chamber, I can't say, but it is certain that he desired young Ladislaus to return to his native land and set up in business as a working monarch. But Frederick of Germany did not see eye to eye with Hunyadi on this point; so as there was no peace or disarmaments' mission running in those days, the dispute led to fighting; but about the year 1450, by which time force had been proved to be no remedy, conciliatory measures were resorted to. Two weary years were exhausted in these tactics, and ultimately, in 1452, the young King was released from the unwelcome supervision of the German Emperor.

The history of the discovery and use of the Hunyadi Janos mineral water has none of the hoary antiquity which the history of the old warrior can boast of. The locality of the springs, however, has a history which goes back far into those ages in which the Romans romped over the then known world, and made a lasting reputation for themselves as pioneers of civilization. They had on the future site of the Saxlehner mineral springs a flourishing colony called Aquincum. This was on the right bank of the Danube, and is now a part of the city of Budapest. Those old Romans were very keen on medicinal baths and springs, and with their usual pertinacity in that direction they made Aquincum famous for its hot sulphur springs and thermal baths.

It is a great pity that certain forceful persons insist upon their own point of view, and will consider none other. It is barely possible that some women enjoy their euche or whist, and probably it does them less harm than the habit of abusing anyone whose outlook isn't quite yours. I couldn't honestly take up the cudgels for an afternoon card party, for I don't quite enjoy them myself, but I see other women having a very jolly time at such a function, and their fun is all I need to start me on my own account.

"Do you want a silk petticoat?" asked a small woman over the phone the other day. And then, she told me of a wonderful scheme whereby I might have one for a "quarter," a sort of endless letter scheme, which first puzzled me, and finally became honest and comprehensible. "Every one is after them," continued the small woman, "and it is a splendid way to get one." An assortment of silk petticoats at a "quarter" apiece seems to appeal to one, does it not? You'll probably hear more about them in the next few weeks than you have ever done before, and you and I will rustle "a quarter's worth," or know the reason why! At all events, spite of your infinitesimal outlay, the silk petticoats are the real thing, and more than you realize is paid for them, though you pay just one twenty-five cent bit. Doesn't it sound mysterious, and don't you suspect all sorts of fakes? I was stupid that way last week, but light came later on.

LADY GAY.

A Famous Fighter.

How Hunyadi's Name Was Given to the Celebrated Saxlehner Springs.

While thousands of people know of the world-famous Hunyadi water, it is probable that very few are aware how these waters, which emanate from the Saxlehner Springs, near Budapest, derive their striking name. A writer in Commerce, an English publication, gives an interesting explanation of how these waters came to be so named. He says:

John Hunyadi, the worthy after whom the water has been named, was a man who made a fearful and wonderful reputation in the fifteenth century—also in the battlefield, for he was a born fighter. I believe one of his earliest scrimmages was in the war with the Hussites in 1420, and on that occasion he rendered valuable service to Sigismund, the then King of Hungary. It was the unspeakable Turks, however, against whom John Hunyadi directed his best energies and his military accomplishments. He hated the Turks like poison, and let them know it, too. The Turks of those days had taken possession of Szendro, which was not to the liking of either King Sigismund or his worthy henchman, John Hunyadi, so during the year 1437 the latter undertook to drive the Turks out of the district. He was as good as his word, and in recognition of this service to the Hungarian community the King presented the doughty John with several estates, and conferred on him

Incorrigible.



Aunt—So your big brother gave you five dollars for your birthday, child?
 Child—Yes, auntie; but I've had to lend it to him already.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

quintessence of a poet's soul, old boy! but you do let out some truant rhymes—and you're a Northwestern chap, eh? Well, it's so far off I'll have to forgive you, and this week's news from your old chums makes you a bit of a prophet when you say—

"Whilst we are rounding up horses and steers, You are doing the same with carbines and spears."

"That's what," as Tommy-boy says, and Cronje is finding it out. As for the writing, it's full of rugged force—no frills, all working material—with impulses erratic and many, and love of a social time balanced by a choice in company. There is a long, even, constant purpose, practical and firm, when you fairly settle down to it; a certain cleverness. Though it is a crude hand, it has no weak or illiterate turns; you know your mind and speak it plainly. There is a curious turn in your lines, suggesting rather high influences. Were you always a rancher? I don't think!

Totally-cough-drop—Should you seek acquaintance with an actress? Would it be good for you? Oh, T. C. D., what a hard question! Unless I knew the actress, how could I tell? Sometimes I go with colors flying to welcome an actress-friend. Sometimes I spike my guns and lie low until the actress is out of town. Even have I had both experiences with the same actress? If I were a young girl like you, I should probably be vastly interested in the actress, have a lot of crude and crazy ideas about her and long to meet her. Being an old, old person, who has studied humanity a long, long while, I don't see any difference between an actress and any other clever woman. Some are worth knowing, and some are not at all to be desired. Then you must consider that you may be forcing yourself upon a woman who does not care for your attentions and company. Most actresses who amount to a hill of beans have neither time nor desire to entertain young girl worshippers. One thing you make a mistake about, my child. Actresses, as a rule, are not "looked down upon." That's a past pose. All the same, you are a sweet girl, and no doubt your actress, whoever she may be, would get a good and pleasant hour from you. But go slow—don't put a halo on her and don't mix yourself up with people stupidly, for you may live to regret it. You may, indeed, suffer and never know it, by losing caste with your less enterprising friends. 2. Your writing is splendid, generous, honest, idealistic, courageous, adaptable, full of hope, energy and brightness.

Maile (suburb)—My hot little August baby! No wonder the fire burns within you! A "wild desire to break away and do something." Is it? Well I know that feeling. Just step back a bit and look at yourself, child of the Sun and of Venus. And you must excuse me from giving you a complete delineation, for your lines are only forming. The tendency is to be influenced through the emotions. You are hasty, excitable, bright and imaginative, positive and magnetic. You are also conservative, like things harmonious about you, have a pretty fair temper and considerable taste and love of art. The thing you need most is patience.

Lollipop.—It is no use asking me whether you have a right to disobey your stepmother and correspond with a chance summer acquaintance when she has forbidden you to do so. If your father thought enough of her to make her your guardian you should try to give her due respect. It is altogether likely she knows what is best for you, but even if not, it is vulgar and inconsiderate to your father to defy her in such a paltry matter. As to your rights, my good girl, so long as you live at home, you should obey the powers that be. If you are not attractive enough to any man to make him desire to provide for you and set you at the head of his house, or you prefer a single life, you must remember you have just the same rights as anyone else who is a child in her father's household, that is, to father and mother or stepmother. If you are, as you say, 18 years old, you're a backward development. I don't see any signs of great wisdom or maturity, and I hope you will make up your mind to try to face life without the solace of corresponding with that summer boy.

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 Spent Hundreds of Dollars to Obtain Freedom from Asthma—Was Permanently Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

Mr. Albert Dixon, contractor, Nanaimo, B.C., writes:—"For nearly nine years I have been a constant sufferer from bronchial asthma, night after night having to sleep sitting up in a chair. I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and remedies, but got only temporary relief. My druggist, Mr. Stearnman, recommended Clarke's Kola Compound. I took in all five bottles of this grand medicine, and am to-day completely cured. I can now sleep well every night, and now play my instrument in the city band once more." This remarkable cure is also certified by Mr. F. C. Stearnman, Phm.B., one of Nanaimo's leading druggists. Sold by all druggists, or by the G. & M. Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto.

Deile.—I think you were perfectly fiendish to the five victims, you bad child! I must read the book you mention. Am sure the name is amply justified. Don't talk of sending any more splendid note to South Africa. There are quite enough out there now! Glad to hear from you any time, and also charmed to know that you found inspiration from the character I sent you. Your writing is very original.

Ignorance.—You can't "pay" hostages, my dear. A hostage is someone standing for the good faith of another—held in time of war to ensure the performance of some act by the opposite side. The expression you are after, "Giving hostages to fortune," is used sometimes of a man when he marries and rears a family. These bind him to gain something—money, position, honor. Do you catch on?

M. C. M.—You're not at all bad to look at! A practical, self-reliant, generally very sensible person, with much of life before you, and ambition unfulfilled. You are firm, constant, not particularly enterprising nor at all imaginative, discreet, adaptable, honest and frank. Now that is how I see you. How do you like the view?

Mick.—Not so very many! You are a wee bit cranky, very well able to take care of yourself, with social instincts, a good deal of energy and dash, and a ten-

dency to talk; perception is quick and clear and love of novelty shown; good temper, snap and capacity for affection are also evident; sometimes you are, however, a bit selfish. In case of fire, Mick, I think you would not stop to shave. Your ideas are clear and logical and you've got much nerve.

Old Timer.—Bless your poetic soul, old boy! but you do let out some truant rhymes—and you're a Northwestern chap, eh? Well, it's so far off I'll have to forgive you, and this week's news from your old chums makes you a bit of a prophet when you say—

"Whilst we are rounding up horses and steers, You are doing the same with carbines and spears."

"That's what," as Tommy-boy says, and Cronje is finding it out. As for the writing, it's full of rugged force—no frills, all working material—with impulses erratic and many, and love of a social time balanced by a choice in company. There is a long, even, constant purpose, practical and firm, when you fairly settle down to it; a certain cleverness. Though it is a crude hand, it has no weak or illiterate turns; you know your mind and speak it plainly. There is a curious turn in your lines, suggesting rather high influences. Were you always a rancher? I don't think!

Totally-cough-drop—Should you seek acquaintance with an actress? Would it be good for you? Oh, T. C. D., what a hard question! Unless I knew the actress, how could I tell? Sometimes I go with colors flying to welcome an actress-friend. Sometimes I spike my guns and lie low until the actress is out of town. Even have I had both experiences with the same actress? If I were a young girl like you, I should probably be vastly interested in the actress, have a lot of crude and crazy ideas about her and long to meet her. Being an old, old person, who has studied humanity a long, long while, I don't see any difference between an actress and any other clever woman. Some are worth knowing, and some are not at all to be desired. Then you must consider that you may be forcing yourself upon a woman who does not care for your attentions and company. Most actresses who amount to a hill of beans have neither time nor desire to entertain young girl worshippers. One thing you make a mistake about, my child. Actresses, as a rule, are not "looked down upon." That's a past pose. All the same, you are a sweet girl, and no doubt your actress, whoever she may be, would get a good and pleasant hour from you. But go slow—don't put a halo on her and don't mix yourself up with people stupidly, for you may live to regret it. You may, indeed, suffer and never know it, by losing caste with your less enterprising friends. 2. Your writing is splendid, generous, honest, idealistic, courageous, adaptable, full of hope, energy and brightness.

Maile (suburb)—My hot little August baby! No wonder the fire burns within you! A "wild desire to break away and do something." Is it? Well I know that feeling. Just step back a bit and look at yourself, child of the Sun and of Venus. And you must excuse me from giving you a complete delineation, for your lines are only forming. The tendency is to be influenced through the emotions. You are hasty, excitable, bright and imaginative, positive and magnetic. You are also conservative, like things harmonious about you, have a pretty fair temper and considerable taste and love of art. The thing you need most is patience.

Lollipop.—It is no use asking me whether you have a right to disobey your stepmother and correspond with a chance summer acquaintance when she has forbidden you to do so. If your father thought enough of her to make her your guardian you should try to give her due respect. It is altogether likely she knows what is best for you, but even if not, it is vulgar and inconsiderate to your father to defy her in such a paltry matter. As to your rights, my good girl, so long as you live at home, you should obey the powers that be. If you are not attractive enough to any man to make him desire to provide for you and set you at the head of his house, or you prefer a single life, you must remember you have just the same rights as anyone else who is a child in her father's household, that is, to father and mother or stepmother. If you are, as you say, 18 years old, you're a backward development. I don't see any signs of great wisdom or maturity, and I hope you will make up your mind to try to face life without the solace of corresponding with that summer boy.

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The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

THAT Ottawa, as all parts of this land, should find art an object of secondary interest these days, is not to be wondered at. So the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts found itself this year in somewhat unsympathetic surroundings, unfavorable alike for good attendance and for sales, neither of which conditions formed a conspicuous feature of this year's exhibition.



LANDSCAPE, BY HOMER WATSON, R.C.A.

For a city of so much intelligence, and a fair amount of wealth, art is not a very prominent feature in Ottawa's civilization at any time. Again it may be, as has been mildly suggested, that perhaps as yet Canadian artists have scarcely succeeded in persuading the public that they have anything of importance to show; anything which has not been demonstrated already in some better way.

There was no special manifestation that on the whole the artists themselves, with one or two exceptions, made any special effort to produce original work. Again, the Academy



PORTRAIT OF MISS McDONNELL, B.A., BY J. W. L. FORSTER.

does itself the injustice of filling space at any price. As a result, pieces which would do credit to the way-back village fair find place on its walls, in our judgment a great mistake. The habit, too, of hanging the works of members or associates, in order to have them represented, whether what they send is up to the standard of what should characterize the Academy



STUDY OF A HEAD IN PASTEL, BY R. HARRIS, P.R.S.

or not, is a weakness on its part. Some of the works contributed by those neither members nor associates were very much in advance of those of some of the members, as Miss Hagarty's Spanish subject for instance, relegated to a corner. We wonder what the committee or the artists saw in several pieces we could name to entitle them to a place on the walls of the Academy at this late day, the end of



THE SINGING LESSON, BY F. S. CHALLENGER, R.C.A.

ed, will be purchased by a citizen of Ottawa for the National Gallery. It well deserves such a fate; or perhaps we should say it deserves a better fate. Another painting which would grace a National Gallery is the one by W. Cruikshank, a telling tale of Canadian early life, and deserving of a place in the country's records. F. S. Challenger

can do better things than he showed at the R.C.A., although his Singing Lesson and Ida are both charming. In the Singing Lesson, a young girl in a flowing robe of lovely yellow, holding a sheet of music in one hand, is getting her note on a piano with the other.

Canadian landscape painters are few. Imitators of nature, there may be many. But of those who go behind the external and give forth depth and feeling, in the translation of nature—these are few. We presume it is so in any country, yet are any other than such as these, artists? Homer Watson is no imitator; neither is G. A. Reid, nor Maurice Cullen, nor Wm. Brymmer; nor is J. W. Morrice, of Montreal; nor J. Arch. Browne, who is striding ahead fast in his knowledge of nature; nor E. Dysonnet, nor F. McGillivray Knowles (although from Mr. Knowles' slight representation at this particular exhibition a fair judgment of his art could not be reached). Nor is Mrs. Reid an imitator. She has no peer here in the world of flowers. Her flower gardens are masses of beautiful color, of light and shade, with exquisite drawing. So the list is larger than we thought. Dr. Mackenzie, of Kingston, also, if he continues the study of the anatomy of nature, will be able to tell us some things which are his alone. Edmund Morris, of Toronto, too, has convictions, somewhat incoherently expressed as yet, but promising. Miss Houghton, of Montreal, Miss Jack, of Ottawa, also interpret nature for us. R. F. Gagen was well represented by work of greater clearness, softness and brilliancy of color, and vitality than ever before. Of W. D. Blatchly's scenes, we heard several expressions of admiration. Miss Tully



AN OLD LIGHT, BY C. E. MOSS, R.C.A.

is also an artist whom we may be proud to possess, whose chief work, however, has not been landscape, but figures. What we personally particularly delighted in, in landscape, were two of Homer Watson's, one a forest clearing with brown trees, brown timber, brown ground, scudding clouds, blue sky, wind, wind everywhere, and light throughout all; one of Maurice Cullen's, an autumn effect suffused with brilliant tender sunlight, and a suspicion of haze; an Early Moonlight by W. Brymmer, in which, over trees and ground and an assembled flock of sheep, early evening was gently, hardily perceptibly, spreading. A Mantle of Rest, a really delicious early evening effect by E. Dysonnet, the flush of warmth in the sky, quickly passing into coldness and gloom, caught by the responsive earth, and enveloping the figures of cattle and the girl winding their way homewards; the Tinklers of Miss Jack; Washing Day, by J. W.



FRENCH CANADIAN INTERIOR, BY MISS S. TULLY, R.C.A.

Morrice, a study in greens apparently; and two tender little bits by J. Arch. Browne. There was other excellent work, but these we carry with us, and hope they may long remain. Some day we hope to climb the Selkirks and see if we can learn their language, and hear their voice. We have a dim perception it must be a voice of great dignity, and the message one of appalling grandeur. Perhaps we should not ever be able to understand it; but when we hear, we shall appreciate Mr. Bell-Smith's interpretation of them. Just now we fall short of that. We enjoyed also Miss Spurr's little bit of autumn glory.

Our artists seem chary of water. If Ruskin was right, they are wise not to say they know water, hardly even in its most placid and apparently commonplace moods—if water is ever commonplace. Forshaw Day gave a glint of it around Quebec; and Manly Macdonald told of its murkiness and degradation in a marshy pool; R. F. Gagen caught something of its limpidness, its transparency, and its vitality, in his Lobster Catcher; and Miss Tully hinted at its dire possibilities in Niagara River. W. E. Brymmer presented it in many tones of soft greys and browns; and C. E. Moss in quite opposite tones of subdued yellows, greens, blues, greys and reds, all of which qualities originated, quite orthodoxly, in his variegated sky. Henry

Martin treats all nature with a delicate and tender hand.

We are impressed with the fact that as yet we have no Canadian School of Art, no recognized methods of interpretation which could be said to be the direct outcome of our distinctive civilization, the expression of our national genius, as the school of the Netherlands, for instance, produced, when civilization was in a much more primitive state. We are convinced that there is yet a field of interpretation of Canadian thought and life, untravelling as yet by our artists. Millet is an example of what we mean in his own land. Homer Watson gives us his translation of landscape, and G. A. Reid comes nearest, in our estimation, to the possession of that spirit and genesis which could give expression to what is distinctively Canadian in life subjects. We are commercial, a people of agriculture and manufacturing, comparatively commonplace. Is there, therefore, no art in these? "No interiors worth painting," we hear. That is nonsense, mere nonsense. We want the artist who will take our humblest scenes of Canadian life, interpret them for us, and in so doing glorify them with his art. If some of our artists would stay away from Paris, or rather leave Paris in Paris when they come home, and live in Canada, in her literature, her history, all her life, we would have less of a hybrid art.

The interest in the exhibition of the Woman's Art Association continues unabated. Quite a mass of interesting matter has been collected, and an opportunity is given of seeing works of art of different kinds not often exposed to public view. Every lady interested in anything will find some matter for study here.

F. McGillivray Knowles receives in his new studio on Saturday afternoon.

The annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists opens on Saturday, March 3rd, at 2 p.m., and will continue for at least two weeks. No invitations have been issued, as has been the custom in previous years, but a fee of twenty-five cents is due from each visitor. JEAN GRANT.

The West Again.

A Galt Hotel Man Has a Word to Say About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

H. Hancock, of the Iroquois, Grateful—Cured of Pains in the Back of Long Standing—says Thanks Are Due to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Galt, Feb. 26.—Mr. H. Hancock, of this lively town, is known by the travelling fraternity all over the country as the joint proprietor with Mr. Wm. Sadler, of one of the finest dollar-a-day hotels in the Dominion of Canada, and he is known further as one of the most genial and go-ahead hotel men in the country, his house being the equal in comfort and appointments of the average hotel of double the rates. It was interest travelling men to know that Mr. Hancock thoroughly endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Some time ago guests of the Iroquois might have noticed that Mr. Hancock seemed to be troubled with backache. Indeed that gentleman often complained with great vigor about the pain and inconvenience it caused him. Well, all that is now of the past. Mr. Hancock is happy to announce that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured him.

It cannot be too often impressed on the minds of those suffering with backache that it is the kidneys that are affected. The kidneys are internal, and external treatment cannot do any good. Liniments and oils can only soothe the muscles, they do not reach the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured more cases of backache than any other medicine in the world, simply because they act on the kidneys.

Mr. Hancock, of the Iroquois Hotel, Galt, writes:

"I have been troubled for one year with severe pains across my back. Nothing I tried would relieve the pain until I used two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The pains have now all left me, and all thanks are to the credit of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have no objections to allowing this statement to be published for the benefit of the many others who suffer with backache."

Battle of Dundee.

With Apologies to the A.O.U.H., Knights of St. Patrick, Clan-na-Gael, the Fenians and Other Fighters.)

Note.—The Irish Transvaal Brigade, according to Press despatches, captured the Irish Fusiliers in this engagement.

On the mountain side the battle raged; there was no stop nor stay; Mackin captured Private Burke and Ensign Michael Shea; Fitzgerald got Fitzpatrick, Brannigan found O'Rourke; Finnigan took a man named Fay—and a couple of lads from Cork; Sudden they heard McManus shout, "Hands up, or I'll run you through!" He thought he had a Yorkshire "Tyke"—'Twas Corporal Donohue; McGarry took O'Leary, O'Brien got McNamee; That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee!

Then some one brought in Casey, O'Connor took O'Neill; Riley captured Kavanaugh, while trying to make a steal. Hogan caught McFadden, Corrigan found McBride; And Brennan made a handsome touch when Kelly tried to slide; Dacey took a man named Walsh; Dooley got McQuirk; Gilligan turned in Fahey's boy—for his father he used to work. They had marched to fight the English, but Irish were all they could see. That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee!

Spillane then took O'Madigan, Shannahan took McGee; While chasing Jerry Donovan Clancey got shot in the knee; He cursed the Queen's whole army, he cursed the English race.

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Then found the man who fired the shot—'Twas a cousin, Martin Grace. Then McGinnis caught an A.O.H. who came from Limerick town. But Sullivan got an Orangeman from somewhere in County Down; Hennessey took O'Hara—Hennigan took McGee; That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee!

The sun was sinking slowly; the battle rolled along. The man that Murphy "handed in" was a cousin of Maad Gonne. Then Flannigan dropped his rifle, shook hands with Bill McGuire. For both had carried a piece of turf to light the schoolroom fire. Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; O'Connell got Major McCue; O'Keefe got hold of Sergeant Joyce and a Belfast lad or two. Some swore that "Old Man Kruger" had come down to see the fun. But the man they thought was "Uncle Paul" was a Galway man named Dunn. Though war may have worse horrors, 'twas a frightful sight to see The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee!

Just when the sound of firing in the distance fainter grew, Ryan caught McCloskey, and Orderly Donegan, too. O'Toole, he found McCarthy, O'Mahony got Malone; Duffey got a pair of lads from Connaught near Athlone. Then Dinsin took O'Hagan; Phelan got Kehoe; Dempsey captured Callahan, but Gallagher or let him go. You'd have thought that "Belfast Chicken" had tackled the "Dublin Flea." The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee!

Then Powers began to interfere, the Waterford Powers, I mean. And took a lad named Keenan and a Captain named Mulqueen. Then Brady captured Noonan, Maher got McDoon; McGovern got O'Hanlon and Colonel McLoughlin, too. 'Twas now the hour of sunset, the battle was nearly o'er. When McCormick came in with Hoolan and Lieutenant Roger Moore. But 'twas a great day for Ireland, as you can easily see. That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee!

They marched them all to Kruger's town, for supper and a bed. O'Halloran was the rear guard; the way McNulty led. When they got them to the race-course, the Boers were full of glee. While Kruger never expected "so many Englishmen to see." They told him they were Irish; it puzzled the old man's head. For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in green, while these were toggled in red. But 'tis a passing story; on History's page you'll see. That 'twas the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee! —ANON.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Fooled the Robbers.

S. L. Bensusan tells the following story in the London Daily Mail, speaking of the holiday quarters of Her Majesty:

"There are no amusements in Bordighera, but the district boasts some brigands, and they help the cabmen to keep up the circulation of visitors and residents. A week or more ago the Syndic drove over to San Remo to receive some money, and heard on his arrival that the local Dick Turpins were on his track. Although he was in a hurry to return, he thought it wise, in view of the risks, to take the train and send his empty carriage home by road. He did so; the brigands made their appearance near Ospedaletti, and were forced to be content with the coachman's small change. When the train reached Bordighera the cunning Syndic landed in peace with the pieces. So far as I have been able to gather, public sympathy is with the brigands."

Kind woman—Poor fellow! You look famished. How would a chop suit you? Tramp (suspiciously)—Mutton or wood-shed, lady?

Ah! take a

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Music.

A VERITABLE surprise was sprung upon the musical community on Thursday evening of last week by Miss Jeannette Durno, a talented piano soloist, who, although a Canadian, had not been heard previously in this city. Miss Durno was born in London, Ont., I am informed, but she left that city when only two years of age, and has until recently resided in Europe and studied music in Germany, receiving her piano instruction in Vienna from the famous teacher Leschetizky. The surprise at her recital under notice, which took place at St. George's Hall, was in the revelation of her brilliant powers as an executant and a wonderfully clear interpreter of the compositions she rendered. She plays with authority, firmness, and excellent metrical accentuation, while her other merits include a facile technique, clarity of phrasing, and a vigorous style. All these qualities were shown in her playing of the air with variations by Paderewski, her opening number; the Chopin Funeral March, and several small numbers by Chopin and other masters. Miss Durno has been giving recitals in the States, from the press of which country she has won unstinted praise. Canadian musicians, as executants, I am glad to note, are rapidly coming to the front. The creative faculty, as manifested in composition, will no doubt be developed later.

Mr. Torrington is a busy man this season. In addition to rehearsing Israel in Egypt with the Festival Chorus in preparation for a spring performance, he has undertaken to instruct his chorus in Mr. Harris's new dramatic cantata, Torquil, which the composer intends to produce in this city in aid of the Patriotic Fund. If one takes into consideration Mr. Torrington's work in connection with his choir at the Metropolitan church, his large teaching practice, and his managerial duties at the College of Music, it will be acknowledged that up to the present time he has shown no decline in his wonderful energy.

M. Victor Joncieres' new opera, Lancelot, was produced in Paris on February 8. The correspondent of the London Standard, in noticing the event, does not claim much for the work. He says that it is well written and correct, but throughout calm and cold. Nevertheless, he acknowledges that the scene between Lancelot and Elaine in the second act contains some beautiful phrases; that the air with which King Arthur announces to his wife her pardon is not wanting a certain grandeur, and that the requiem chants heard in the convent chapel produced a great effect. The orchestration, he says, has been done with great care, and the choruses are constructed with skill and produce an harmonious sonority. This is about all he can find in the opera to praise. M. Joncieres is Inspector-General of Music in France, and as a rule presides over the big choral and instrumental competitions which are annually held in the provincial towns. He is known as the composer of Dimitri and the Chevalier Jean, of which much was said in praise about twenty-five years ago.

The once great operatic singer, Pauline Lucca, is about to be married again at the age of fifty-nine. Her third husband to be, is a Swedish singing teacher named Forsten. Probably few concert goers here remember Lucca's appearance in Toronto in the early seventies at the old Shaftesbury Hall. She had then a wonderfully brilliant and penetrating voice. Personally I found her voice too powerful for the small auditorium of the hall, and some of the higher notes of her compass seemed to cut like a knife. But in the large theaters of Europe she must have been a very effective singer.

The new celestial organ presented by Mr. Hector Mackenzie to Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, was opened on Sunday last. It has been placed in the tower, is complete in itself, and can be played from the same console as the main instrument in the chancel. It contains a number of beautiful solo stops, and is intended primarily for a solo organ. It contains also a chime of twenty tubular bells, which are played from the organ console. The entire organ, including the chimes, is placed in a swell box. Electric tablets are used instead of draw stops. A tablet is placed in the transept stating that the gift was made by Mr. Mackenzie in memory of his parents, John Gordon Mackenzie and Seraphina Gates Mackenzie. It is worthy of note that tower organs are very rare, owing to the difficulty in most cases of getting satisfactory musical results on account of the location of the tower. In this instance the cathedral tower, being central and opening into the nave and chancel, is well adapted for a "celestial organ." The first main organ in Christ Church Cathedral was presented by King George III., and was built by Messrs. Hill & Son, of London, England. "The king's organ," which was famous for its tone, was destroyed when the church was burned in 1856. When the present cathedral was built, Messrs. Hill & Son were commissioned to reproduce the "king's organ," of which the specifications had been preserved. The present organ is noted for its sweetness and purity of tone. Since 1897, modern improvements in the way of electro-pneumatic action, the addition of a vox humana stop, and a new feeder have been made.

Miss Daisy A. Torrey, B.E., has

met with gratifying success during her tour in the West. She appeared in recitals in most of the original places along the line of the C.P.R. from North Bay to Vancouver, and in many cases obtained return engagements. She has appeared three times in Vancouver and once in Victoria. Her success has led to her prolonging her stay in the West for a few months.

Miss May Mawhinney, now studying vocal music and elocution at the Toronto College of Music under Mr. H. N. Shaw, and recently a member of the Metropolitan church choir, has been appointed soprano soloist of Elm street church. She was chosen from among numerous applicants.

It is said that when a child is born to the Czech peasants of Bohemia, it is customary to hold a violin and a silver spoon before it. If the tiny hands reach for the violin, it will be a musician; if for the spoon, a thief! The story may have, of course, originated with the enemies of the Czechs. The characteristic qualities of the Czech temperament are well expressed and contrasted in Dvorak's music.

Mr. Spanuth, in an article in the Staats-Zeitung, mentions as a fact that the American sopranos, Nordica, Eames, de Lussan, Susan Adams, seem to be much less apt to disappoint audiences than the imported songstresses, perhaps because they are acclimated. Among the men singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, he says there are no Americans, and among the foreigners the tenors seem to be specially liable to colds.

Speaking of music in the churches, the Hartford Courant says: "We are inclined to think that the churches can do very much for music in America. Puritanism left our services pretty bare. But isn't it time to reintroduce great music into the churches? They have always been the people's institutions, and are a conserving force in culture. We venture to think that good music would do as much as long prayers to uplift men and women. We need in most of the churches in the country better instruments, better organs, and better selections. Above all, we need to have many more services of music and song, on week days as well as Sundays." The last suggestion would, I think, be impracticable to carry out, at any rate in this city. To take one church for example, which I have in mind. There are two services on Sunday, one on Wednesday evening, and a choir practice on Friday evening. At all these meetings, the organist and choir have to attend. In addition, the organist has to be present at the Sunday school meeting on Sunday afternoon. I fail to see how the time of the singers, most of whom give their services gratis, could be further encroached upon for praise meetings.

I commend the following denunciation of the present "rag-time" craze to the consideration of the admirers of "coon" music. It is from the Choir Music Journal: "The insane craze for rag-time music and coon songs that has lately swept over the country is to the cause of good music among the masses what the hot blasts of the simoom are to healthful vegetation. The counters of the music stores are loaded with this virulent poison which in the form of a malarial epidemic is finding its way into the homes and brains of the youth to such an extent as to arouse one's suspicions of their sanity. The pools of slosh through which the composers of these songs have dragged their questionable rhymes are rank enough to stifle the nostrils of decency, and yet young men and ladies of the best standing daily roll around their tongues in gluttonous delight the most nauseating twaddle about 'hot town,' 'warm babies,' and 'blear-eyed coons,' some of them with 'blood-letting razors,' some of them set to double-jointed, jumping-jack airs that fairly twist the ears of an educated musician from their anchorage. They are a plague to both music and musicians, and a stench to refinement. Thank the Lord they have passed the meridian of their popularity, and are now on the wane, so that the cause of music may again be permitted to enjoy a season when it can inhale a few draughts of refreshing ozone from the more refined science of a sober, reflecting and regretting humanity." The writer uses very strong language, but it is comforting to be told by an authority that the degrading cult is dying out in the United States. Would that it were dead in Canada, and more particularly in Toronto. In justice, one must admit that there are a few "coon songs" which are really pretty and refined.

Mr. Leslie Hodgson, Mr. G. Ernest Cork, and Mr. Douglas Hope Bertam, three talented pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, gave a fine pianoforte recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening last, when the programme, arranged with Mr. Vogt's accustomed good judgment, embraced the following compositions: Hiller's Concerto in F sharp minor; Mozart's Concerto in D minor (first movement with Reinecke Cadenza); Saint-Saens' brilliant Marche Heroique for two pianos; Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31; Liszt's Spozalizio; and other numbers by Arensky, Handel, Lavignac, and Gruenfeld. These numbers abounded with technical difficulties, but these were no barrier in the way of these clever young students, whose interpretation throughout was intelligent and musical in a marked degree. Coenen's Lovely Spring was sweetly sung by Miss Mabel Howe,

pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, and Hattor's The Enchantress, by Miss Emily Selway, pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn, and the possessor of a fine, rich contralto voice, which she uses most artistically. The audience evinced a hearty appreciation of the programme, and joined with great enthusiasm in the singing of God Save the Queen, led by Mr. Vogt at the organ.

"C. C." in Notes and Queries, writes: "We rustics are fond of fine phrases. In a printed advertisement of a village concert, a local bass was described some time ago, as a 'Basso Pro Phundo.' This reminded us of an incident in a pleasant village in a neighboring county. A concert was about to be given in aid of the church restoration fund, and the parish clerk drew up an advertisement of the same and affixed it to the church door. In this advertisement lovers of music were spoken of as 'votaries of Apollo.' 'Apollyon? Apollyon?' said an old cottager after scanning the bill as he was entering the church door, 'Apollyon? Why he is the devil. What is he doing up o' the church door?'"

Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the musical critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, has just published a book entitled Bayreuth and Munich. He holds that Bayreuth, however it may stand in these days, has had a great influence on German operatic art, and nowhere is that influence felt more than at Munich. Bayreuth itself is still remarkable, Mr. Blackburn thinks, for its performances of Die Meistersinger and Parsifal, but in other respects it seems to have nearly accomplished its labors. You cannot make a corner in music any more fruitfully than you can make a corner in wheat; and a close corporation implies a hopeless outlook in the consideration of any matter of art. Alexander died, and his generals divided the spoil; Wagner died, and his family has shown that Alexander is dead. And according to Mr. Blackburn, the constant engagement of young Siegfried Wagner as conductor is the worst expression of the family arrangement at Bayreuth; and the contemplated performance of his Barenhauser there, the last straw which will break the back of the Wagnerian festival house scheme.

Novelists and journalists sometimes commit gigantic blunders in writing about music. A London newspaper recently spoke of an organ as "a stupendous structure, with its marvellous ramifications of fugues and diapasons." George Eliot, in her novel Daniel Deronda, represents Grandcourt as breaking off a conversation and then resuming it, as "after a long organ stop." Black, the novelist, makes three young ladies start singing madrigals in a country lane as the most natural thing in the world. And D'Annunzio, in his Triumph of Death, makes the following statement: "Giorgi's thought went back to the autumn of 1880. He saw the violinist in the act of improvising, while he accompanied him on the piano, following him with almost insupportably close attention, striving to divine his intention, fearing always lest he should break the rhythm, strike a wrong chord, miss a note." Here the pianist is made to perform a feat worthy of a Mendelssohn.

I congratulate the ladies of the Toronto Chamber Music Association upon having secured the famous Kniesel String Quartette Club of Boston for a concert in April. The association has not received that full measure of encouragement from the general public that its disinterested exertions in the cause of high-class music deserve, but it continues its good work nevertheless. Subscribers' lists for this concert are open at Nordheimer's, Mason & Risch, Heintzman & Co., Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Tyrrell's book store, and the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

Of late, musical professional people all over the country have been giving their services freely at concerts in aid of the patriotic funds. Large amounts have already been received from this source by the Globe branch of the fund. It is surprising what some of the small country towns have done in this respect, in several cases amounts ranging from \$200 to \$300 having been realized. Among the provincial vocalists whose names I have frequently seen in the programmes of patriotic entertainments in the West, is Miss Eva Roblyn, soprano soloist of Dundas Center Methodist church, London.

The recitals by pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music are usually of an interesting character, and very many of them are being given this season. One, which took place last Thursday evening in the hall of the institution, was fairly illustrative of their general style, and is worthy of mention, as it indicated how excellent are the methods employed by the staff of teachers engaged. The performers were: Pianists—The Misses Maggie McColl, Stella Shields, Norine Wilson, of Newmarket, Minnie L. Strachan, of Aurora, Mildred Pett, Minnie Claxton; Messrs. Alex. McLean, E. K. Oliver. Vocalists—The Misses Katie Stuchbury, Madge Kennedy, Mabel Ferguson, of Bradford, Christine Le-vack, Ella Rogers. Reader—Miss Lottie Campton. The teachers who were represented by pupils in this event were: The Misses Ethel K. Martin, Campbell, Stotesbury, Bertha Rogers, Lillian Burns; Messrs. Peter C. Kennedy, F. Arthur Oliver, W. Y. Archibald, and W. O. Forsyth, the director of the Metropolitan School of Music.

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"Oh, I don't know."
"Do you feel sick?"
"No, not exactly sick. I feel what is vulgarly called rotten."
"Where do you feel it?"
"All over."
"Been that way long?"
"Started about three months ago. Been getting worse ever since."
"What are your symptoms?"
"Oh, I have headaches and poor appetite, low spirits and half a dozen pleasant little things like that."
"Sounds suspiciously like dyspepsia."
"Yes, I have indigestion too."
"Oh, well, there you are, then. You know what you want for that sort of thing?"
"I have tried about a hundred remedies, it seems to me, already."
"You've never tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."
"No, can't say that I ever tried them."
"That explains it."
"Explains what?"
"Why you never got cured. Why Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the only dead certainty of the lot."
"Come, now, come."
"Well, you say yourself, that you tried about everything else to no avail."
"Pretty nearly."
"Well, so did my wife."
"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure her?"
"Yes, sir."
"And she'd tried other remedies, too?"
"We wasted more money than I like to think of trying to cure her without 'em."
"What are Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, do you know? What's in 'em?"
"Pepsin and diastase."
"Is that all?"
"And sugar."
"Simple enough."
"They couldn't hurt a baby. But they are the most dangerous enemies dyspepsia ever had."
"I'll have to try 'em on this case of mine."
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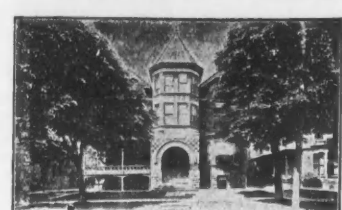
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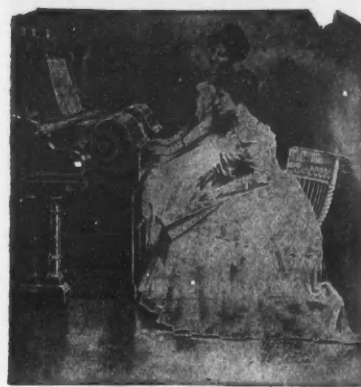
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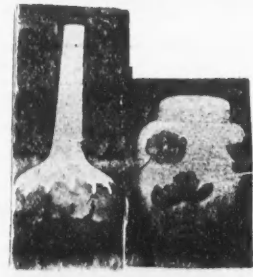
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Social and Personal.

The Queen City Yacht Club ball, held in the Assembly hall, Confederation Life building, was a great success. The ball-room was very pretty, being decorated with bunting, burlap, banners, with names composing the fleet of the club, also the club challenge cups. About one hundred and fifty couples were present and danced the first part of the programme with evident delight. A very nice supper was served by Webb. The following took part in the official set of lancers: Commodore Martin and Miss Burchard; Rear Commodore Miller and Mrs. Foy; Secretary J. Foster and Miss Gallagher; Hon. Treasurer Brown and Miss World; Mr. Readman and Miss Miller; Mr. H. E. World and Mrs. Martin. The following ladies were noticed: Mrs. McCall, white silk with violet velvet; Miss Tena Taylor, white mousseline de soie with pearls; Miss Armstrong, white organdie with touches of black; Mrs. J. W. Foy, garnet satin and black lace; Miss Milten, cream chiffon; Miss Gallagher, heliotrope silk and black velvet; Miss Rutherford, of Hamilton, pearl gray and white mousseline de soie; Miss Mills, heliotrope and white mousseline de soie; Miss Briggs, pearl gray and turquoise blue; Mrs. Prudhomme, blue organdie; Mrs. Martin, black silk; Miss K. Burchard, white silk; Miss Hicks, white organdie with touches of black; Mrs. Robson, white organdie with touches of black velvet; Mrs. J. A. Brown, 211 Markham street, yellow satin with touches of black velvet; Mrs. Farrow, 231 Palmerston avenue, black silk mousseline de soie; Miss L. M. Phillips; Miss Piddington, foulard silk; Mrs. Verner, blue organdie; Mrs. Arnott, green silk lace, pearl trimmings; Miss Marguerite London, pale blue muslin, white lace; Miss A. Horwood, white organdie, touches of crimson; Mrs. World, black silk, diamond ornaments; Miss World, white satin, diamond and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Gorman, satin and silk with diamonds; Mrs. C. M. B. World, white silk, and pearl ornaments; Miss M. Dombey, yellow organdie with black trimmings; Miss M. Jamieson, turquoise blue organdie over white satin; Mrs. Devins, black silk and white silk lace; Mrs. Tobin, a pink gown trimmed with white silk and pink and white flowers; Miss Ten Bradbury, azure organdie and pink roses; Miss Isabel Thompson, white organdie over Nile green silk; Miss J. Langlois, black taffeta silk, pale blue satin and chiffon trimmings; Miss Maud Langlois, black taffeta silk, pink peau de soie; Mrs. Langlois, black silk with sequin trimmings; Miss Ida Gardener, white silk Lauretta Davis, white satin with sequin trimmings; Miss Clara Westman, blue satin; Miss Nina Smith, white organdie with roses; Miss Florence Jenkins, white satin over pink silk; Miss Ethel Gillies, organdie over silk same shade, and black velvet trimmings; Miss W. Mollington, blue silk muslin.

A pretty little home wedding of last week was that of Miss Etta Mae Pollock, daughter of Mr. J. S. Pollock, of Allegheny, and Mr. George Lawrence Shepherd, of Toronto, Ont., which took place at 7.30 o'clock at the residence of the bride's brother, Frederick R. Pollock, in College place, East End. Rev. Mr. Henry, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, officiated. There were no attendants, and the decorations were simply but tastefully carried out in green and white. During the ceremony the couple stood under an arch of smilax, looped up with broad white satin ribbons, and vases of roses and white carnations were used in the dining-room, where the wedding supper was served. The bride wore her travelling gown of Yale blue broadcloth, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Mrs. S. H. Logan, a friend of the bride, played the Wedding March. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd left for a wedding trip, and after March 10th will be at home at 241 Sherbourne street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Magurn, Mrs. Bilton, and Mrs. Suckling are taking the baths at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

A very quiet and pretty church wedding took place in St. Andrew's church, Alliston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 27, at 7.30 o'clock, when Miss Francis Wright, second daughter of Wm. Wright, Esq., of Alliston, was married to Dr. J. J. Harper, also of Alliston. The bridesmaid was the bride's sister, Miss Annie Wright, and the groomsmen Mr. W. J. Hill, D.D.S., the ceremony being performed by Rural Dean Carroll, rector of St. Andrew's church. The bride wore a becoming gown of lavender cloth with white tucked silk yoke edged with rich lace. Her hat was of black velvet, trimmed with plumes and white chiffon. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast, which was served by Webb, was partaken of by the guests at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents from her numerous friends.

Sheriff Widdifield will give a parliamentary dinner party at Glenbyrne, his St. George street residence, on Wednesday next, the 7th inst., the invitations being principally confined to members and ex-members who occupied seats in the House with him when he was in political life.

On Wednesday evening, February 21, at Sherbourne street Methodist church, Miss Charlotte Amelia, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Street, 123 Shuter street, was married to Mr. Thomas Borland Smillie, of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. James Allen, in the presence of the bride's immediate relatives and most intimate friends. Promptly

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A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 21, next, at the offices of the Company, Saturday Night Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, for the purpose of presenting a statement of the affairs of the Company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and for revision and adoption of by-laws and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order.
R. BUTCHART,
Toronto, March 3, 1900. Sec.-Treas.

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—With a History

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Everyone knows the beautiful Concert Hall of the Conservatory of Music, on College street, and everyone who has attended the numerous concerts which have been given there during the past few months, must have noticed the large Concert-Grand Knabe Piano which has been used at many of these concerts. That piano has a history. It does not belong to us, nor, we believe, to the Conservatory, but as we are the agents here for Messrs. Knabe & Co., we feel a keen interest in telling that history to the musical public of Toronto.

ITS GENEALOGY

The number is 28286, and it was made in Baltimore fifteen years ago, and was shipped to Toronto consigned to a city dealer (many years since out of business), who, in due course, sold it to a prominent citizen, whose family gave it the usual amount of hard, honest usage. It saw many vicissitudes, was frequently moved around, and finally fell into the hands of another city dealer, who used it for trade concert purposes.

ITS PRESENT CONDITION

Now we do not wish to be ecstatic about this good old piano, for to tell the simple truth, it is perhaps not in quite as good order as it might be if it were owned by a firm who, like ourselves, were agents for the Knabe Piano, and took a keen interest in keeping the tone and touch of such a fine concert instrument in the highest state of efficiency.

THE COMPLIMENT IT IS RECEIVING

We wish to score this point, however, that this war-scarred veteran, this fifteen-year old Knabe piano, after its varied experiences, which, by the way, include damage by fire, sufficient to have disabled most pianos, THIS OLD PIANO IS STILL DOING DUTY ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM OF THE GREATEST MUSICAL INSTITUTION IN THIS COUNTRY. Could any greater compliment be paid to the Knabe Piano? Could any greater tribute be paid to the durability of the Knabe Piano?

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As a rule, when a firm sends out a piano of its own manufacture for concert purposes, it usually, and very naturally, sends up the very latest and newest specimen of its work in piano building. Such pianos are seldom kept on the concert platform for more than a year or two, when they are sold as second-hand pianos, but here is a Knabe Piano FIFTEEN years old, deliberately selected by the firm owning it as being still good enough for artists' use in the greatest of musical institutions. The compliment, however unintentional, was all the greater, that the piano was placed there by a firm who had not the faintest interest in pushing the Knabe Piano.

THE MORAL

Representing, as we do, a piano with such a history, we are proud to invite you to visit our Warerooms, 188 Yonge street, and inspect our latest consignment of Knabe Uprights and Grands. They possess the usual poetic quality of tone which characterizes all Knabes. They are made in superb natural woods and the designs are unique. Of course they are costly—everything of the supreme class must be costly.

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at 6.30 p.m. the stately bride, leaning on the arm of her father, entered the church. She wore a handsome and perfectly fitting tailor-made travelling costume of brown cloth, with New York toque of brown straw and velvet trimmed with turquoise blue and bird of Paradise plumes, and carried a large bouquet of violets. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lila Street, who was smartly gowned in a tailor-made costume of fawn cloth, trimmed with mink, with toque of pink straw and roses, her bouquet being pink and white roses. Mr. Ebb Hamilton, of Chicago, the bride's cousin, was

groomsman; Mr. Frank Patterson and Mr. Fred Baker were ushers. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome pair of diamond ear-rings, and to the bridesmaid a dainty crescent of pearls. After the ceremony, the bridal party left for New Orleans, amid a shower of rice and roses, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Smillie will reside in Chicago.

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Annual Meeting.

The sixty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held at its offices in this city at noon on Friday last, the 23rd inst.

The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair, and Mr. P. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as secretary, read the following

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the sixty-sixth Annual Report, embracing the Financial Statements of the Company to the 31st December, 1899.

There has been a satisfactory growth in the premium income for the year, in both the fire and marine branches. The Canadian fire business has shown exceptionally favorable results, and there has been a moderate profit on the marine business written during the year. In the United States, however, this Company has, in common with all others doing business there, suffered from the unusually heavy fire losses that have occurred in several of the larger cities.

The net profit on the year's transactions (\$62,038.89), has been sufficient to pay the usual half-yearly dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, and, after writing off an amount to cover depreciation in office furniture and securities, to provide for an addition of nearly \$7,000 to the Reserve Fund, which now amounts to \$577,687.04. The reserve to cover the estimated liability on unexpired policies has been increased to meet the additional amount at risk, and is more than an ample provision, according to the Company's experiences, to meet losses that will accrue upon policies in force at the end of the year.

In view of the increased business of the Company and the contemplated

enlargement of its field of operations, the Directors deem the present an opportune time to increase the capital stock, as contemplated in its act of incorporation, to \$1,000,000. A by-law will be submitted to the meeting to authorize the issue of \$250,000 additional stock, to be allotted pro rata to present shareholders, at a premium of 15 per cent.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Total cash income	\$1,622,249 88
Total expenditure, including appropriation for losses under adjustment	1,560,210 99
	\$ 62,038 89
Dividends declared	\$ 52,500 00
Total assets	\$1,473,536 05
Total liabilities	145,849 01

Surplus to policy-holders \$1,327,687 04

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said that it was gratifying to be able to refer to the satisfactory growth during the year in the income of the Company, which, after deducting amounts paid for re-insurance, showed net premium receipts of upwards of one and a half million dollars. The most encouraging features in connection with the steady and continued growth of the Canadian fire business and the very moderate losses which have been sustained in the Dominion. While the general experience of companies doing business in this country has been favorable, owing to the fire losses having been considerably below the average of preceding years, the experience of this Company had been exceptionally so. In the marine branch, he was pleased to say that the results of the past year had been such as to justify the action of the Directors in continuing the business of this department, notwithstanding the adverse experience of previous years, and, so far as can be judged from the present outlook as to rates and general conditions of marine underwriting, the prospects for the present year appeared encouraging in this branch.

The Report was adopted, and a by-law was passed providing for an increase of capital stock of the Company to one million dollars, by the allotment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars new stock to shareholders in the proportion of one share to every three shares held by them.

The following gentlemen were re-elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, Thomas Long, John Hoskin, Q.C., L.L.D., H. M. Pellatt, K. Jaffray, A. Myers, and E. W. Cox.

At a meeting of the Board held subsequently Mr. Geo. A. Cox was re-elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President.

Quericus—Let's see; the married men all have better halves, don't they? Cynicus—Yes. Quericus—Then what do the bachelors have? Cynicus—Better quarters!—Puck.

Social and Personal.

Miss Foley and sisters, Misses Emma and Nina, who have been the guests of Toronto friends for the past several days, have returned to their home at Orangeville.

Miss Olga Rumpel, after a jolly visit with Miss Tossie McKellar, returned to her home in Berlin.

The Yacht Club dinner, which was to have been held on Monday evening, was postponed in respect to the memory of two members of the Club killed in South Africa, and will probably be a post-Lenten festivity.

The Woman's Art Association have been entertaining and interesting the artistic section of society in a very charming manner since last Thursday week, when they opened their exhibition in the Confederation Life building. Beside the artistic part of the affair, has been a pleasant social hour, when five o'clock tea and many delicate "bonne bouches" were provided by trios of lady members in turn. A gentle emulation in decoration of the tea table gave the visitors glimpses of pretty color schemes in roses, tulips, and other flowers. Scarlet and white seemed most effective, and however tastes differed as to the decorations, there was but one verdict as to the tea. The evenings were brightened by music, that on Monday being supplied by three charming artists, Miss James, Miss Temple Dixon, and Miss Amy Romsart Jaffray.

The baseball match between the Q. O.R. and 48th Highlanders, to which many friends of the regiments had intended giving up last Saturday evening, was postponed, owing to the death in South Africa of Lieutenant Findlay's brother. The former officer is a member of the Q. O.R. team.

A Beethoven recital at the Conservatory of Music, by some of Dr. Fisher's cleverest pupils, is an interesting engagement for three o'clock this afternoon.

A quiet wedding took place on February 15th, 1900, when Miss Flora I. Blair, only daughter of Mr. James B. Blair, of the Inland Revenue, and Mr. Walkinshaw W. Anderson, elder son of Captain J. W. Anderson, were married. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. I. Taylor, rector of St. Bartholomew church. Mr. Anderson is well known in athletic circles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, returned last week from Atlantic City, whither Mr. Macdonald had gone for his health, which has been decidedly improved by the change and rest.

I hear Sir Frank Smith has not been so well for the past few days.

Mr. Cross, of the Bank of Commerce, who has been absent on sick leave, is expected back next week.

In our last issue, owing to an unfortunate mistake, the picture of R. Pringle, of Sault Ste. Marie was substituted for W. T. Manion, of the Royal Grenadiers, who was reported killed. Pringle is unhurt. There is also a hope that Manion has escaped, as the despatches mis-spell the name.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Stupart—Feb. 23, Mrs. R. F. Stupart, a son.
Reade—Feb. 25, Mrs. Edgar S. Reade, a daughter.
Pallin—Feb. 27, Mrs. J. Horton Pallin, a son.

Marriages

Hinrich—Wilson—Feb. 22, Louis Hinrich to Annie Wilson.
Hosie—Seymour—Chicago, Feb. 13, Walter A. Hosie, to Laura Seymour.
Gilmer—Johns—Feb. 22, George Gilmer to Maud P. Johns.
Lowrey—Dainty—Feb. 21, Harry E. Lowrey to Lucy Dainty.
Miller—Connors—Feb. 26, Charles W. Miller to Jennie Connors.

Deaths

Percival—Feb. 22, Mrs. Deborah Percival, aged 78.
Farr—Feb. 22, Mrs. Fred Farr.
Robinson—Feb. 22, Mrs. Alice Maud Robinson.
Watson—Feb. 22, Susan J. Watson, aged 37.
Matthews—Feb. 24, William Loader Matthews, aged 62.
Coates—Feb. —, Albert E. Coates, aged 27.
Howell—Feb. 25, Mrs. Amelia Dugall Howell, aged 72.
Ryan—Feb. 24, Cornelius Ryan.
Harris—Feb. 25, Herbert E. Harris.
Stevenson—Feb. 25, Mrs. Ann Stevenson, aged 71.
Flynn—Feb. 25, Mrs. James Flynn.
Best—Feb. 25, Mrs. Elizabeth Best.
Attrill—Feb. 22, Mrs. Helen Forrester Attrill.
Fraser—Feb. 25, Alexander Fraser, aged 64.
Hutchinson—Feb. 24, James Hutchinson, aged 52.
Arnold—South Africa, Feb. 23, Major Henry M. Arnold, Winnipeg, aged 40.
Leith—Feb. 23, Mrs. Eleanor Leith.
Duncan—Feb. 26, Stanley Duncan, 7 months.
Strauss—Feb. 25, Gottfried Strauss, aged 81.
Drury—Feb. 25, Leighton S. Drury.
Douglas—Feb. 24, Mrs. Catherine Gage Douglas, aged 69.
Drewry—Feb. 26, Fred Drewry, aged 40.
Scott—Feb. 26, George Scott.
Clarkson—Feb. 27, Mrs. Margaret T. M. Clarkson.
Clarke—Feb. 21, Mrs. Frederick Clarke, aged 78.
McNally—Feb. 21, Esther J. McNally, aged 28.
Rowland—Feb. 27, Miss S. M. Rowland.

J. YOUNG

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